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JULY 1931

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OUR JULY NUMBER

No, that isn't another view of Mt. Rainier on our cover! Nor is the mountain to be found in either of the Americas or in Europe. It is Mount Argaeus of the Taurus Range in Anatolia, Turkey.

Appropriately, this issue contains several articles with a background in Turkey or Syria. The first article gives one profoundly to think of the influence on character of selfless personalities. **Miss Elizabeth Webb** who writes the story of a Bible was a missionary of the Board for forty-four years in Turkey and Syria; she retired last year but is still living in Beirut, Syria. **Miss Bertha Colmyer** is a teacher in the Merzifoun Girls' School.

Rev. Proculo Rodriguez, chosen secretary of the Sunday School Union of the Philippines, took up, instead, the burdens of a country pastor; he was a delegate to the Jerusalem Conference. His account of the way in which one church closed its fiscal year is a good companion article for the one on giving by **Dr. Eddy.**

The cablegrams on page 301 give point to the article on communism by **Rev. Harry Martin** of the Charles E. Jefferson Academy. The way out for China is indicated in the article by **Mrs. William R. Leete** of Tientsin (now on furlough) and by the account of the "Dawn Movement" in China by **Chuan Chin Liang,** who was its president when it was organized. He is at present studying in Hartford Theological Seminary.

India is represented by a lively account of what it means to be a country pastor in that land. **Miss Susan A. Andrews** has supplied our readers with a striking and practical program for a peace service.

The **Candidate Conference** closes just as we go to press, and a group picture of most of the new recruits with some account of each one will be found on page 311. They were on this occasion addressed by a member of the Associated Press, Mr. John D. Knox, who told them that the Associated Press was interested in missionaries both because they are makers of news themselves, international figures who may personally take part in events of the widest interest; and because they were in a position to observe and *understand* events obscure to others.

Once again we have to record the loss of a youthful active missionary as well as of one who had left the field but a few years ago, while yet young.

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A WORLD OUTLOOK FOR WORLD SERVICE

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EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MISSIONARY HERALD

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Foreign Correspondents, HUNDREDS OF WATCHMEN AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

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How Long Before They'll "Bob"?
Village girls from Saam, near Gaziantep, Turkey.

READ THIS SIGNIFICANT STORY

The following one-sided conversation was held with a graduate of one of the American schools in Turkey, during a Sunday evening shortly before he was to begin his work. Though forbidden by law to teach this Turkish youth religion, the school nevertheless could not help imparting its spirit of service.

"WE are glad that you have been appointed to be a teacher in our village,' said the head teacher when I went to visit the place. And that was the first I knew that my application had been accepted. He treated me with great respect because, you know" (with a deprecatory movement of his hands), "our family is an influential one in that district. And another teacher, he honors me too much; he always wants to know what he can do to help me, because, when he was a little boy, and his family came as refugees to our town, my father let them and other families live in six houses he wasn't using. He said it would be a sin to take money from such poor people.

"Shall I tell you my plan? I've thought it all out. I shall have a three-room house and an old woman from the village to take care of it, for my father won't give me a servant, because he doesn't want me to be a teacher. One room will be my own private room in which I will sleep and have my books and pictures of my friends—where I can be alone. And in the second room I shall have two beds where I can keep a sick person or two. Because, you know, all last year I helped the college nurse with the boys who had cuts or bruises or a little sickness. So I know how to do many things. I shall take in someone who is hurt, or an old woman, or an old man, and either make them well or send them to a doctor who can. And every day people will come, and I shall treat their sores or give them quinine. I shall have a little clinic. In the third room I shall have some games and some pictures and some good old Turkish books. I have bought all I could find with my own money. (I haven't got much money, but I am going to sell some of my clothes and an old watch which I bought for twenty-seven liras—it is an antique.) In the evening the people will come and I shall talk to them and teach them to play games and answer their questions and discuss with them what is good for the village. I want to be practical.

"You see, I am going to work for two things—not for the economic, because if they have the other two things they can look after the economic themselves. First, I am going to look after the sanitary. That village has the worst malaria of any in the district. Why! a spring comes up right in the middle of the main street of the village and the street is full of pools of water! I am going to get the young men to form a club and look after such things. We shall just make channels to drain off the water. We shall drain away the water in other parts of the village, too. We cannot afford to use kerosene, as the books from America so often advise, because kerosene costs so much money, but this work won't cost anything.

"Then, every morning, I shall have my pupils come early to school and shall join with them in washing up. Of course, I shall always wash before in my own room, but then I shall wash with them, too, just to show that I am one of them. O-O-O-O-Oh, but they are dirty!

"And then, about toothbrushes! I thought a long time about that, and then I finally decided to buy a toothbrush for every pupil in my class with my own money. And so that was settled. I always think hard about each problem until I get it solved, and then I go on to another problem. But then, one day, I suddenly remembered that it says in our religion that one must wash his teeth, and that he make a brush by pounding the end of a certain kind of wood which will thus be separated into its fibers. I do not know what that wood is, but I am going to go about the village and try the wood of every tree until I find one that will make a brush. Of course they cannot buy toothpaste, but then salt is just as good. We shall use salt. I shall wash my teeth with salt and a wood fiber brush along with them.

"And then I shall take my daily dose of quinine with them, too. You can't go to a woman and tell her to take quinine, but if she sees her children strong and healthy, she will ask why it is, and when she learns that quinine has cured them of their malaria, then she will take it herself. . . . And the village outhouses are so filthy, all of them open. I shall work to cover them up. And so that is about the sanitary which is one of the things I want to work for.

"And now about the moral: that's the other thing. The boys go to the coffee houses. They drink raki there. And the talk! P-f-f-f-f-f, it's awful! I heard a little boy no more than five years old talking awful stuff, and the men were praising him. Why they have a proverb there which I had never heard before: 'If you do not know how to blow circles with your cigarette smoke, nor how to shout when you drink raki, you aren't a man.' And the

bad women in the village! They say there that no man can live without them. But I will show them that it is not necessary for me.

"I shall go to the mosque, too, for morning prayers. I do not believe in the forms, but I believe in prayer. And if I go, perhaps others will go, too. I know my pupils will, because when I was a boy I used to do whatever my teachers did. Every morning I spend an hour getting ready for the day, half an hour to have a cold bath and dress and take a little walk and half an hour for prayer.

"Prayer prepares one for the day. I used to think that prayer was something mystic, but now I see that it is something very practical. I did not believe before that anyone could have communion with God. But now I believe it. I can talk with God in a church or in a mosque. When I was in my village" (as he calls his future field), "to see about my work, I saw a boy, who had graduated from the Agricultural School, arguing with a hodja in a boastful manner, about religion, and saying that man was not created, as the Koran says (and as the Bible says, too—I do not believe it myself either, but I did not say so then), and talking much about science, about which he does not understand anything. Afterwards I talked with him and asked him if he were happy. He said he was not. When I go to that village this winter to teach, I am going to explain to him about this prayer business.

"Of course I have to teach school but they are not going to give me many lessons so that I can do these other things. I am going to teach the children some good games. The school is right next to a cemetery. It is not a good place for a school. Why, one day the girls were playing at having a funeral. They had a boy for a dead man, but they said he was too heavy, so they chose another little boy. They were moaning and crying. Some of them were actually shedding tears. It is not a good game. I am going to teach them how to make artificial flowers. I learned how to make them at the basket school, just especially for this village. I know where we can sell them and we shall use the money to buy books for the poor pupils. I am going to teach the boys how to play baseball. I learned how to play with your boys and the other American boys. They will want to learn to play a new game. I am going to teach the boys in my own home town to play, too. Then I will take the boys from 'my' village up to my home town and make them beat the others. That will encourage them.

"But I am not going to try to change everything at once. First I am going to observe and go slowly. Pretty soon I shall suggest that we have a staff meeting as you teachers in the College do, then I can explain to the teachers many things and if they approve we can do them. Also the teachers in a village are members of the village council. That's the law. If I can persuade all the teachers to favor some work in the village or some improvement, then when we are in the council meeting, we shall all stand together and so, perhaps, win over one or two men and have the majority.

"I shall do lots of things. I was talking one day to the governor. He is a friend of our family. He promised to help me. I said, 'I tell you what you can do, Uncle Governor' (I always call him 'uncle'), 'you can visit my village three times during the year. When the people see that you come to visit me they will listen to what I say.'

"I believe in making everything concrete. If a man says that he can help me, then I want him to know exactly what he can do. There is a dentist in our town who said that he would help. I told him, 'You have got to pull the teeth of all the people I send you.' He agreed. 'And how about fillings?' he asked. And then he promised to fill ten teeth during the year. He can do it; he is not a poor man.

"I made a contract with a lawyer, too. The villagers go up to our town for their business because it is near and is the county seat. I said, 'Now when you do any business for my people you have to do it right and do it quick. It costs these poor people too much time and money to come up here and stand around a long time.' He replied, 'I always do my work right and I do it quick.' 'No you don't,' I replied. 'You know that none of you lawyers do it that way. Well, when I send a villager up here looking for a lawyer, I will send him to you with a note. In the flourish of my signature, (we Turks all sign our names with a flourish), I will write a *p*; that means *poor*; you can't charge him anything. If he is not poor, I will write an *m*; that means *medium*; you can charge him something. If he is rich, I shall write an *r*; and you can do what you think best.'

"Since choosing this work, I have gotten acquainted with many people in our town. You know our family always walks proudly down the street and never looks at anybody, because (with a deprecatory motion of his hands), we are an influential family. But I said to myself, 'It is my duty to speak to other people and show that I am just the same as they are. That is being democratic.' So I began to speak to people. I got acquainted with common people and with educated people, too, who said that they would help me.

"Also I went to call on the Kaimakam" (head man in a county), "in our town. He did not know me. When I told him my family and what my plans were, it took twenty minutes to make him believe that I was going to teach in that village. Everyone thinks that a college graduate should wear good clothes and sit around doing nothing most of the time. Then he should go to Europe

to study, and when he comes back become a politician. I won't go to my aunt's house because they live in luxury, much luxury. I can't stay there more than a day because she is always saying, 'Why, you have been to the American College; you are well educated; after ten years we expect you to be a deputy in Angora.' Everybody talks like that.

"But my father hurts me. When I am at home he won't talk to me. And half an hour before I go away he leaves the house so that I cannot kiss his hand and say 'Good-bye.' At first my mother was influenced by my father. That was a year ago. But now she says, 'Well, if teaching school and helping those poor villagers is the only way that you can be happy, then be happy that way.' I thought a long time about whether I should do this work or not. I said to myself, 'Shall I go to my father, or shall I go to my village?' Then I said to myself, 'How is it, if it hurts a few people if I do this? If I do not do it *many* will suffer.' So I said, 'I will go to my village.' Some people think that I am unselfish. But I am rather selfish, because I *want* to do it. I am so happy about it."

THE STORY OF A BIBLE

By ELIZABETH S. WEBB

AT a large women's meeting recently, a tall, uncouth village woman rose to pray. Her friends wondered at her having courage to pray in such a gathering. But her prayer was a talk with God, and showed she knew where to get needed strength. Later these friends told some of their experiences of the past in which she had had a part.

Many years ago on the occasion of the golden wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Elias Riggs, the Bible Society had made them a present of three large beautifully bound Bibles in Turkish, Armenian and Bulgarian in recognition of Dr. Riggs' help in their translation.

After their death, their daughter, Mrs. Trowbridge, gave the Turkish one to a village church in Turkey as their pulpit Bible. It was very precious to them both for its own intrinsic value and because of their love for the giver.

During the massacre of 1909, when the whole village was obliged to flee for their lives, one of the deacons started out from the village carrying this Bible in his arms. But as they were hurrying on foot along a mountain road he soon found it too heavy to carry and very reluctantly left it on a stone by the roadside.

Soon our friend of the recent prayer meeting came hurrying along with her children in the darkness of night. The only thing she had saved from her home was a small coverlet in which to wrap the children.

Too tired to go on she sat down for a few moments' rest. Imagine her surprise when in the darkness her hand touched a book on a stone by the roadside. It seemed such a wonderful thing to find a Bible there that later in starting on she left her coverlet and carried the Bible instead.

On reaching the village to which they were fleeing she found all the women, numbering several hundred, barricaded in a Gregorian church where they had taken refuge. Under cover of darkness she managed to escape the eyes of those attacking, and getting the ear of those inside was allowed to enter. As the crowd sat packed on the floor, in darkness, speaking only in whispers, and expecting every moment to be killed, word was whispered around, "Don't be afraid, I have a Bible."

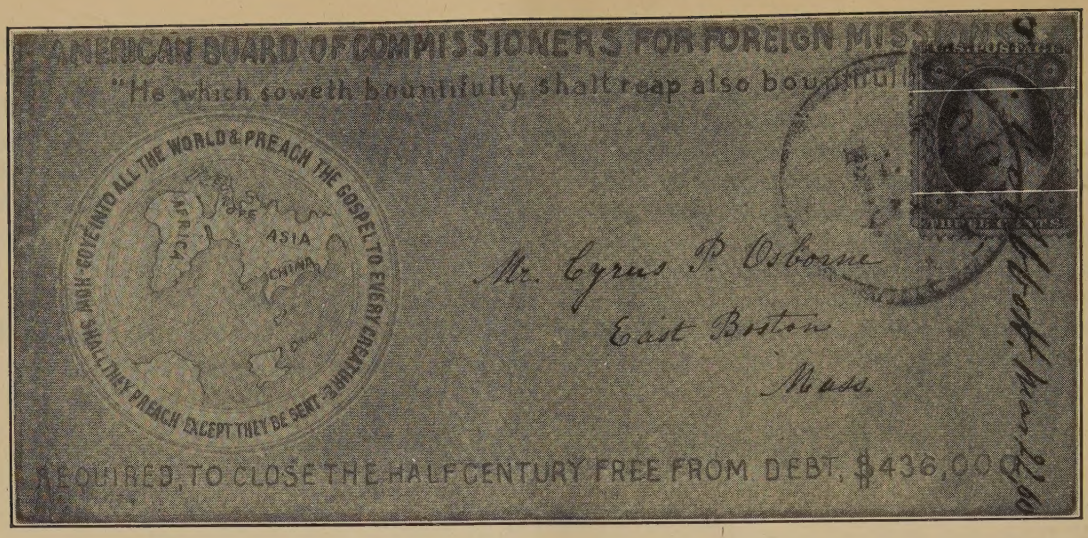
Someone had picked up a bit of candle from the floor where it had been dropped by a careless worshipper. Soon a match was found, and the women crowded around. Sitting on the floor, they covered the light with their bodies and their clothes that the attacking enemy might not see it. Then they opened the book to get comfort for their need. Outside the enemy were trying to burn the building, raging for their blood. No human power was there to protect them, and their eyes were not opened as were those of Elisha's servant to see the chariots of fire round about them.

For several days this book was their only strength and stay.

Imagine the comfort of the Ninety-first Psalm under such conditions: "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." This book was their comfort and strength till the massacre was over and they were able to come out to life again.

A few days later a Moslem man said to one of them, "We tried again and again to burn your church. We tried to open the roof and pour kerosene on you to burn you, but some power held us back. I don't know why, but we could not do it."

"He shall give his angels charge over thee." "He shall call upon me and I will answer him, I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honor him."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"He which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountiful
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD & PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE
AND LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD
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GIVING ON THE HIGHEST PLANE

By D. BREWER EDDY

As these words are being read, the *News Bulletin* is in the mails and is reaching several thousand homes of staunch Congregationalists and Christians who love the work of the Board and who believe in it to its very foundations in the Gospel of Christ. Even more than in an average year is it a pleasure to be thus in close personal touch with thousands of friends of proven loyalty who look forward to this annual number of the *Bulletin,* knowing that it gathers challenging news from its world fields and that it also counts on this group of helpers to face the closing of the Board's books soon after September 1.

Of all the Board's sources of income we can at this time prophesy least about these extra gifts from personal friends at the closing of the year. Doubtless there are heavy economies already in force in the plans of most of the families that read these words. We cannot estimate how greatly the income of Congregational and Christian church members has fallen off, but let it be admitted that the decrease is probably less in the group referred to than in any other class in the country. They have not yet been pushed in large numbers to destitution. These friends are in the privileged class for whom privation is almost unknown. There is still enough to live on and enough to spare for work that touches hearts deeply. Though there are many Congregational–Christians without employment, many sharing deeply in the sufferings of this present time, there are still others who have escaped heavy loss, and such will feel a new responsibility to step into the gap in a year like this.

In fact, the more deeply we search, the more confidence do we gain in the determination of this group of partners to stand by the Board's work and its 650 missionaries. Their giving never has come from any casual interest, nor yet from superfluous funds. Their money is stewardship money, frequently gathered by sacrifice and often representing a profound spirit of prayer for this work at the world's ends.

Shall not the giving of this year be lifted to a higher spiritual plane of joy and satisfaction? No one can deny the spiritual values that come to earnest American Christians from a staggering shock such as has been sustained. Materialism has ever been a chief obstacle to genuine spiritual living and thinking.

It has been proven true in the past that **periods of hard times bring new spiritual utterances,** new tenderness of conscience to thousands of Christians the country over. A new stimulus to obedience is found; an awakened purpose to live better for the things that endure. And as a consequence there are discovered sufficient resources for the sustaining of our church budgets, our charities, and our missionary work.

Thus as we give shall we not count upon that joy that belongs to us when **we find closer fellowship**

with Christ? Let every gift be sent with repeated prayer for the Board. Let this tide of gifts bring into five thousand homes repeated, intelligent prayer for the work in behalf of the needy parts of the earth.

It would be well to remember missionaries by name and recall the difficulties of their long absences from home and of the peculiar discouragements that confront them in dealing with their schools or new converts. Burdens will be lifted from their hearts if they know this prayer tide is rising in the home churches.

The letters that will enclose the checks will once more reveal deep personal interest on the part of these special friends of the Board. Money will come from aged friends who have loved the Board from their youth. Any questions about the Board's policies in any field will be gladly answered, and the correspondence this summer will be more closely personal than ever before.

* * * * *

But beyond this personal group are those who have not yet given. This year the deepest hope lies in the **securing of one thousand or two thousand new givers.** At present not one in ten of those who receive the *News Bulletin* send any check. Thousands will read these words who know well that some of the most faithful givers cannot send a gift this year because of heavy losses. Cannot hundreds of these others accept a small share of the obligation and stand in the breach for this year at least in order that this source of income fail not?

* * * * *

Together this can be made a sacramental service in deepening the spiritual purpose. Every gift can be an offering on the altar of love.

Centuries ago the disciples were pressed by an immediate need. They sought to keep Christ for themselves and argued in that familiar phrase: *"The place is desert. Send them away."* Some would like to say this of the struggling younger churches that are growing up in the mission fields —and of the hospitals, too, overburdened by need —and would like to dismiss the thought of any added gift to the Board's work. Christ's answer is pertinent now as it was then. It was the challenge to real stewardship. *"How many loaves have ye? Give ye them to eat."*

Spiritually, the parallel is close in this bitterly difficult year. Spiritually, the issue is clear and obedience will find a way.

HOW ONE CHURCH CLOSED THE YEAR IN MINDANAO

By PROCULO A. RODRIGUEZ

THE Jimenez church of North Mindanao declared itself self-supporting beginning May first, 1930. To meet its expenses the congregation campaigned for tithes and had a new every-member-canvass. It held classes in stewardship. Up to the middle of the year they paid their pastor quite regularly.

About this time of the year some of the leading members of the church felt that it was time also to start their new building, for their old house of worship was getting overcrowded. For this new building they borrowed from the Conference two hundred fifty dollars, hoping to collect this sum from the members after two months when most of them would get their cocoanuts. It turned out, however, that the price of cocoanuts went down so low that every member of the church found difficulty in raising his share with which to pay off this debt. They had promised to pay this debt in January of 1931 and were determined that the honor of the Jimenez church should not be stained. The debt must be paid on the dot.

A number of the leading members got together and agreed that each one should put in so much toward paying this debt, and they gathered one hundred dollars. A few others gave voluntary contributions and raised the sum a little bit. Before long, the last week of the year was on. They had not collected yet the five hundred pesos (250 dollars). They were still indebted to their pastor. This was the first year they went on the self-support basis. Financially, this has been the hardest year in Mindanao, but the Jimenez church could not fail to fulfill its pledge to the Conference. They held prayer meetings. They met to discuss how they could raise more money within the few days.

Among other things they divided the membership into committees: a committee to go fishing, a committee to solicit voluntary contributions, etc. Thirty of the men went fishing for two days and with them went the pastor. They did not get much, but spiritually they were never so close together as when they pulled the net together.

The last day came. The 250 dollars must be

raised or they would lose face. Nothing could be more thrilling to one's soul than to sit and watch the members of this little church face their financial problem of the year—the worst year in Mindanao, financially speaking. It tickled the writer of this article to hear someone say: "You say we still lack ninety dollars. Put down the value of one carabao and subtract from that." The carabao is the farmer's work animal in the rice lands in the Philippines.

Behind this carabao that was offered to the cause of Christ, there is an interesting story. The member of the church who offered this carabao had fallen into sin. He had left the church for two weeks. But when he heard that the congregation was in need of money he came and offered this animal. The church officers came together and discussed whether or not they would accept this offer. After due deliberation they decided that it was not proper to accept the gift from a member whose life was not right with God. They told him that it was impossible for them to receive this offer, for although the church needed money very badly, God counted his life much dearer. The officers continued to pray for this man and unexpectedly he came into one of their prayer meetings and there, after some prayers, he confessed his sin and came to church again and there made this offer publicly. What joy fell upon the congregation!

The carabao reduced the sum yet to be raised to about sixty dollars. Another member then stood up and said: "I have mortgaged a piece of land at a loss just to get twenty-five dollars to help pay this debt and you will have the money in two days." Three of the officers agreed that they would divide the remainder between them even if they had to borrow that money. Three days later the treasurer had the entire sum to pay off the debt.

Such is a brief story of how the Jimenez church struggled to maintain self-support and to keep its honor without stain. The church is very evangelistic. Its new slogan is: "Every member a missionary." Its members go out to the villages around either for personal work or for evangelistic meetings. A woman belonging to the old church came to the writer's house and expressed her high respect for the Protestants living in Jimenez. According to the pastor, about eighty per cent of the members are now giving their tenth to the church. A few are giving more than their tenths. Other congregations are watching this congregation and they too are beginning to make heroic efforts to stand on their own feet and make their contribution to the great Cause.

COMMUNISM AND OTHER THINGS IN CHINA

By HARRY STRATTON MARTIN

AND then there is the matter of communism. There is no use in concealing the fact that the country is pretty well honeycombed with communistic ideas. China ought not, naturally, to be a good field for communistic propaganda. The great bulk of the people own property, especially in the country where 85 per cent of the people live. The small farm owners make up a great majority of the population. China has few capitalists as we know them in the West. Property on the whole is pretty well divided. But you can see how incessant warfare between various military leaders creates fertile ground for the growth of any ideas which promise relief. Russian propagandists have not been slow to take advantage of the situation, and the country is flooded with all kinds of communistic literature and organizations. It is a well known fact that money is spent freely—from what source it is not so easy to find out. Some of the converts are really honest in their conviction that communism would help solve the problems of the country; others, who have nothing to lose, think that they might gain something by setting up a communistic government.

For my part, I think it would be a dreadful calamity if the communists should gain control. The Chinese do not possess the organizing ability of the Russians, so that we should have to expect chaos for scores of years. Those of you who know me best know that I believe thoroughly in a more even division of property than is now the rule. My sympathies are with the man who struggles for his living. But I do not believe the form of communism as it is taught by Russia with its corollaries of force, curtailment of individual initiative, and suppression of liberty of thought, is what China needs. Nor do I believe it will get control here unless the people are driven to desperation by the prolongation of civil wars. As I said above, except for the deplorable condition brought about by militarism, China is not naturally a field for communism. Then, too, I trust in the native common sense and good judgment of the people to work out something more suited to their temperament and culture.

The problem of famine is one that is always with us in China. You may have read the report of the Commission of the Red Cross to their organization.

In this the Commission advises against the participation of the Red Cross in famine relief because they say the root of the trouble lies in China's civil wars. There is much of truth in what they report but it is not the whole truth. There have been terrible famine conditions in large sections. It does not seem right to withhold help from millions of sufferers because of what the war lords are doing. We have not suffered in our immediate neighborhood, and this year the crops are unusually fine. The rains have come just when needed. But reports tell of poor crops again in certain sections of Kansu and Shensi.

There is one point which I think should be emphasized in considering famine relief. That is, that the work done for famine prevention after the immediate relief is given is what counts in the long run. The river conservancy schemes, the roads built by famine relief labor, are already bearing rich fruit in the prevention of floods and the distribution of food stuffs. Coming from Shansi this last spring I noticed in the country south of Paotingfu hundreds and hundreds of irrigating wells where a few years before there were very few. In the great famine of 1922 people were urged and helped to dig and equip such wells so that now great tracts of land are producing abundantly where formerly the crops were very uncertain. Such wise preventive measures are the means of warding off untold suffering in the future.

You will think from what I have written about the general situation in China that I am not very hopeful that matters will mend in the near future. And frankly I see no panacea to cure the evils in a short time. The great question is how to get rid of this militaristic rule and build a truly representative government. China still waits for her Washington, who dares and knows how to lay down the sword.

Yet I am not without hope and am far from being discouraged. When I see how some of the Chinese are thinking through the problems of this changing civilization and as I work with those of keen insight and deep spiritual discernment I know that a new and gladder day is surely coming.

So let me come back to our life and work at Tunghsien, and especially to what we are trying to do at Jefferson Academy. I really believe that the only way to help China is through the kind of work in which we are engaged. *Education of the right sort is what is needed—education through preaching, teaching, healing, living.* As we are organizing for rural improvement in various lines I feel that we are on the right track. My enthusiasm is not diminished in the least. I have never felt more strongly that we have a cause worth living and dying for than since coming back from furlough. After all it is the spirit of Christianity as it manifests itself in all sorts of practical ways, and only that, that can help China or any other country.

BUILDERS OF CHINA

By ANNA KAUFFMAN LEETE

ABOUT a year and a half ago Mr. T. Z. Koo said, "China has started on a journey to her promised land. She has not gone very far: in fact, she has taken but two steps. She has *decided* to go, and she has moved outside her city gates."

There is a proverb one is sure to hear in China when a friend has gone on a journey and has met with misfortune: "Stay at home and all is well. Go outside and your troubles begin." The psychology of Chinese starting on a journey is such that, on this greatest of all journeys, they were prepared to face danger, hardship, violence, and death. But the suffering they are at this moment enduring surpasses any terrors that at the outset they dimly imagined.

China outside her city gates is China in revolution: political revolution, literary, social, economic, and industrial. The phase of this revolution that is most devastating, compared with which the marching of war lords up and down the land, the shifting of Government from place to place, from faction to faction, are mere incidents, is the breaking up of old traditions and ideals.

The Chinese system of training in the home has been so perfected that it has held that great nation together all these centuries. The wisdom of the sages has been handed down to the boys and girls in every family. There is a best way to do everything from the beginning of life to its close and a best way to meet every relationship. These rules and traditions are taught the child so carefully that

he knows what, in every contingency, is expected of him and what to expect. Under the old régime the Chinese have become a nation of experts in the conduct of human relationships.*

But, great as has been the philosophy of life of the Chinese, it has trained them for a *static* civilization. Inside the city gates it works with marked perfection, but for those outside their city gates, with their backs to the past, their faces to the future, the old rules and customs no longer hold with authority. They are utterly at a loss. Some are turning back from this journey; many have fallen, overcome.

There are those who because they recognize no problems, seem to be taking airplanes, flying right over the mire and swamp that make the wilderness, and calling back vainly to their millions of comrades to follow. But the great hearts who feel the pulse and share the struggles of their kinsmen know that they can move only a step at a time, and that each day's journey must be made over the road that they dig themselves. The men and women who are guiding China are right among the people, pressed upon by the masses, working shoulder to shoulder with the group, leading with the most loving patience and clearsighted vision.

Let me share with you some of these lay leaders who are helping to build China. "Jimmy" Yen needs no introduction to you. Some of you must have seen and heard him when he visited this country. He is known as the author of the *Thousand Character Lessons* (Ch'ien Tzu Ke) and as the father of the popular education movement. He chose the thousand most used characters in China and presented them in such an attractive way that Thousand Character Classes flourish all over China. They are classes of and for the people.

It is not of "Jimmy" Yen, however, that I would speak, but of Miss Grace Li, daughter of Li Yuan Hung, former President of China, and who has charge of the Popular Education Movement in Tientsin. She returned to China after several years of study in American universities, only to find that she had nothing to do; but, being a young woman of more than average ability, she grew more and more conscious of a purpose in life and began to cast about for a place in which she could give herself in high devotion to her country. She finally sought help from the busy Y.W.C.A. secretaries, became interested in their work, and asked for the privilege of a place on their Popular Education Movement Committee. She became radiant with the joy of serving—she who had always been served. After the Nationalist Army took Tientsin in the summer of 1928 and established its authority there, she was appointed Commissioner of Adult Education. In this capacity she is still serving and is building her life into the foundations of the new China. As a commentary on her rectitude and personal character her friends tell the story of complaints on the part of her subordinates that they could find no graft in her department.

You may be surprised to know that in the higher Government schools in North China which have been so notorious for their expressions of radical ideas, there are men and women of the most magnificent courage who are giving their all to carry through these devastating times that which is best in China's higher institutions.

You would all be inspired if you were to know Mr. Wei, the President of the Industrial College in Tientsin. He is a man who spent in preparation for his work nine years in American technical schools. He has carried that great institution in Tientsin through the wars with a devotion that claims our deepest admiration. His funds have repeatedly been seized by incoming generals; his buildings during the last eight years have been taken over time after time to be used as military hospital units; his students have been scattered and the wounded on stretchers have come pouring in. Yet he shows no signs of defeat. Not only has bitterness utterly escaped him, but he radiates the joy of a life with a purpose. When his buildings are vacated, he puts them in order, calls his faculty and students together, and begins again to reconstruct the institution for which he is giving his life.

In the medical profession there are those who are giving their lives in the most admirable devotion to their communities. Quietly they work and they are the last to regard themselves. I will share with

Waiting for Eye Examinations

*Fanny Wickes in *The Inner World of Childhood* makes this challenging statement: "Emotions are far harder things to understand than Algebra and Geometry, yet we spend hours in elucidating mathematics, and expect such a problem as that of human relationships to solve itself." She is sensitive to the need in our nation of homes of a training similar to that which China has.

MEDICAL GROUP ASSISTING IN THE FREE DISPENSARY

This dispensary is promoted by Bible class members. From left to right: (front row) Dr. Siler, Dr. Clara Nutting, Dr. Hsü, Dr. Whitmore, Mr. Guo, Dr. Marion Siler; (back row) Mr. Yüeh (philanthropist), Dr. T. Y. Lai, Mrs. Ed. Parsons, Mrs. Anna Leete.

you two of our friends whom we particularly admire for their rare devotion to the life of suffering about them.

Dr. T. Y. Lai returned to China after a long period of study in our best medical schools and hospitals. Upon his arrival his homeland offered him her best, and for several years he was at the head of a department at the Peking Union Medical College. But this was not good enough: he aspired to build his life into a community, to share its life, its joys, its sorrows, and its work. He came to Tientsin and began his career as an eye specialist. His reputation for skilled workmanship preceded him and from the beginning he was assured a good practice. But this kindly, genial gentleman was strangely indifferent to a big practice and a handsome income. He was interested in the neglected communities and we soon found him opening eye clinics at the ends of the town and making a real endeavor to save the eyes of great numbers of children who without his care would surely have joined the darkened ranks of the incurably blind. When a dispensary for the treatment of neglected women and children was opened at the Christian Student Center in Hopei, Dr. Lai was the first to offer his services. He has continued to give his noon hours, two or three days each week during the past four years, to the large groups of factory boys, women, and children who seek his services at our dispensary in Hopei.

He conducts regularly the special eye clinics connected with the four leading hospitals in Tientsin. One day, during a committee meeting of the Social Service Department of the Tientsin Women's Club, the chairman mentioned the fact that a Chinese doctor had been coming to the club school once a week, at the invitation of the parents, to examine the children's eyes. This doctor, they said, had sent in no statement of his charges. I had the pleasure of asking, "Do you happen to know who he is, this doctor who is caring for the health of our girls at Sway Tee-Deze?" Little had they dreamed that it was none other than Dr. Lai.

We are proud to have Dr. Lai serving us as our family physician. We are able to share more intimately thus the love great numbers of the high and the lowly of Tientsin have for him. Our ills have a way of fleeing when this genial friend enters our home. Upon his own shoulders he carries the burdens of many.

LAW COLLEGE BIBLE CLASS, TIENTSIN

I wish you, too, might know Dr. Hsu Ya Lun as she goes in and out of the homes in Tientsin. She lives close to the Chinese families and gives herself with her medical skill. She combines the work of a physician, visiting nurse, teacher, and mother, as she attempts to bring the will for health to her patients and comforts those in trouble. She is a Christlike woman. She lives her message and leads us all to a higher life. She, too, has been giving herself to many of the groups which Dr. Lai also visits.

It is not alone among the professional and other highly trained sons and daughters of China that builders are to be found. One of the older women in the Hsiku Women's Industry was forced to give up her sewing because her eyes were failing. She had two grandchildren to support, but without this work at the Industry there was no income. This did not defeat her. She went every morning early to the market, bought eighty pears, and through the day sold them one by one at a profit of one copper each. At the close of each day, sometimes far into the night, she returned home with her eighty coppers for the next day's food. When we asked her how she could possibly make ends meet with only eighty coppers (this amounts to less than ten cents in our money) she answered, "I can do it—yes—but not with just eighty coppers." Then, extending her wrinkled hands, she exclaimed, "It is with these two willing hands and the love I have in my heart."

There is a large group writing in the current press who love China, who admire and sympathize with her aspirations, but who place a question mark over China's future. Mr. Nathaniel Peffer's very careful treatment of the Chinese situation in his recent publication "The Collapse of a Civilization," Dr. Sherwood Eddy's recent articles on China published in *The Christian Century,* the Round Table discussions on China at the "Institute of Politics" at Williamstown last summer—these all seem to me to have faced honestly and clear-sightedly the discouragement that settles down heavily upon the hearts of all true lovers of China. But darkness, confusion, and discouragement are not the whole story. As long as noble, courageous men and women of vision and devotion are building themselves into China's foundation structure, are lifting their fellows as they work, and are leading the processions of devoted folk step by step into new adaptations of life, new worlds of tremendous adjustment, so long I shall keep my faith in the final triumph of the best there is in China's culture.

THE "DAWN MOVEMENT" IN CHINA

By CHUAN-CHIN LIANG

THE "Dawn" is a religious movement of the Christian students from different colleges and high schools, government and private, in Peiping, China. Most of the founders came from non-Christian, old-fashioned Chinese families, but deeply inspired by the Christian religion. It was not that they chose to start a movement; they had to. Such a movement is still in the stage of germination, but it has attracted much attention and interest from the religious leaders, especially the intellectuals. Though the movement is not older than three years, it has become an active group of enthusiastic young Christians. The organization is not large, but its spirit and outlook are, in fact, national.

The last few years in China have been characterized by chaotic conditions in the political, social and economic life of the people. The nation is nearly ruined by the interplay of medievalism, feudalism, militarism and imperialism. Western ideas have overthrown the authority of the old Chinese conventions and traditions. As everything has been undergoing a change, the process of the rejuvenation of the old Chinese empire into a new republic results in suffering and pain for the whole population, especially the younger generation. The young people are so much depressed that they want to try every possible way out in order to get life. So they need a philosophy of life as well as guidance in self-expression. Many go to communism as well as nationalism; most become either indifferent or pacifists; but a few find their interest in the Christian religion. The founders of the "Dawn" movement include some of the latter.

The movement started in the winter 1928 simply as a spiritual fellowship in Christ. The original motto of the group is: *Search for truth, and live a sincere and pure life, in close fellowship with Christ.* They started the fellowship, not because they loved Christ, but because they needed Christ. It is not that they are interested in the deity of Christ, but they are interested in God as experienced by Him, for they need a center of life, a rational spirit and direction for life work that has an eternal and a moral value. They care little for philosophical theories and theological speculations about God. They want their lives to be noble and clean; they want a good fellowship, and they want

the inspiration of a living spirit, not a system of doctrines. **Now they are seeking for God.** If there is God, there is life, and fellowship, and everything. Otherwise, the whole universe is nothing. This is the core of the "Dawn" movement.

The "Dawn" began with only about forty members. The organization was simple and the aim definite. To give the movement unity, and to provide a means of expression, they published a small periodical called *The Dawn Monthly.* Being a new movement, people really did not care much about it, with the exception of a few Christian professors and Y.M.C.A. secretaries in Peiping. The students, though without much money, had to support that periodical financially, as well as by writing articles. But the work was always handicapped by financial difficulties and by the inefficiency of its organization.

In September, 1929, the "Dawn" was reorganized, and the members increased to sixty-four. The paper was partly incorporated with *The Truth and Life,* published by the faculty of the School of Religion at Yen-Ching, and others. I was the chairman for that academic year. Meanwhile, quite a few of the members graduated and took positions in different leading cities, such as Shanghai, Tientsin, Peiping, Mukden, Karin, Ching-Chow, Shantung, Taiyuan (Shansi), Chia-Hsing, Che-kiang and so on. These members took over a large share of the financial responsibility to support the movement, and to organize "Dawn" fellowships in these places. It started in Peiping, but now it has spread to other parts of China.

In October of the same year, delegates of the "Dawn" were sent to the eleventh Y.M.C.A. National Convention. It was recognized as a new and independent movement among all student activities, because it was started and supported by the students themselves, and had definite purpose and vitality.

In March, 1930, a retreat was held in the Temple of Sleeping Buddha in the Western Hills, Peiping West. This conference included all the members in Peiping and a number of religious leaders. The meeting lasted three days. Besides religious devotions, general affairs were discussed. The members felt that the movement should have a permanent institution, and that the purpose should not be limited to the personal life and fellowship of the members. It should take up religious as well as social activities. In other words, its purpose should be to evangelize, to serve God and men. A general scheme was formulated. Here I cannot give the details. The executive committee was reëlected. I gave up my chairmanship because I was soon to graduate, and was making plans to go abroad.

Since I left China last autumn, information has come to me from time to time. The "Dawn" movement is growing faster than ever. Last October another retreat took place in the Western Hills. Some of the Christian professors in Tsing-Hwa University and Yen-Ching University showed special interest in the "Dawn." Now the paper, incorporated with *The Truth and Life,* is going on fairly well. Another, somewhat larger, non-periodical paper was started last winter. Several special pamphlets and books were published by the "Dawn" including circular letters and essays written by the members. The general nature of these is evangelistic. Most of them deal with the religious experiences of the members. The hope is to Christianize the Youth of China.

Quite a few of its members are ready to give their lives for the "Dawn" movement. They are just planning to buy a piece of land lying between the two provinces, Kiangsu and Shantung. That land shall be the center of the "Dawn" movement. The members may live, study, work, and write at that place without care for a living. Some may go out to speak or lecture, or to coöperate with international groups.

These days every earnest Christian admits that human society is suffering from political, economic, and social evils. We need a new social and religious consciousness. We are looking for a new world. The only way to achieve this end is to bring together the world's youth who are not involved in politics and diplomacy, who have less prejudice of all sorts, and who are inspired by a vital religion. This is the project of the "Dawn" —the conviction and aspiration of its leaders. The "Dawn" is not the "Dawn" for the Chinese only. It is the "Dawn" for the whole world, in the name of God, for the welfare of humanity.

SHAOWU BULLETIN

MAY 28—A. P. dispatch reports Shaowu Mission closed.

JUNE 3—Foochow Cablegram: "E. D. Kellogg located at Yangkow. Very well. Situation gives but little cause for concern."

JUNE 9—Foochow Cablegram: "Communists enter Shaowu field. Kellogg evacuating. 1000 Chinese Christians, 94 Chinese leaders in grave peril."

IMPRESSIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

By ELIZABETH L. FLETCHER

Miss Fletcher taught for a year in the American Academy at Scutari where her sister Katharine is stationed.

IMPRESSIONS of Constantinople? *Beauty!*—first of all. That lace-like skyline, with its lifted minarets! The Bosphorus and all its varicolored life and motion! Beautiful, dim old mosques, the twilight of their interiors a picture of their waning power in the concerns of the people! And then those ancient towers and crumbling walls which through the storm and stress of turning centuries preserved the seeds of modern civilization! The carved lattices of weather-worn old houses, their façades of simple dignity and their wide eaves reminding one of Italian architecture. The marvelous collections of the museums! The palaces with their departing glory, and the priceless jewels of the Treasury, thrust upon the imagination pictures of ancient Oriental splendor!

Then the charm of the picturesque in the midst of busy city life! East and West *do* meet!—on Galata Bridge and out over the fine thoroughfares, and the winding, cobbled side-streets. Meet most of all, perhaps, in the wonderful old Bazaar, where, to one's amaze, the proprietor of a booth may be finally discovered, nodding, cross-legged, among his rugs, on the platform raised for this display! Those living awnings of green vines which shade so many streets!—those sheltered corners where groups sit sipping the sweet Turkish coffee and enjoying the hour, oblivious of the bustling throngs about them!

And then the new life surging forward in such amazing fashion! Roman letters for all business signs! The newspapers in that type!—though some have parallel columns in Arabic. The costumes of men and women follow in general the latest mode, and Paris fashions are displayed in the fine shop windows as in those of any large city. In and out of all this conventional modern life weaves the old—the picturesque! The long black dress and headkerchief of some of the older women; the pathetic "burden-carriers," with their bent backs and incredible loads of refrigerator, business desk, and the like! The gay *arabas* (a two-seated vehicle with flat top), the woodwork of the body and the fringes of the top oft glowing with bright colors! The water sellers with their tinkling glasses! Then the mixed throngs of the ferries: this man by the rail so gentle to his beautiful white goat that nestles close, generously bedecked with those efficacious blue beads which avert the Evil Eye! So many men in charge of little children!—and the notable tenderness shown! Indeed, among the first impressions one must chronicle these apparent characteristics of the people: a noteworthy love of children and of flowers. (Flowers, so gay in the midst of summer drought because so tenderly cared for, flowers on every hand, beautiful gardens for modest homes—these, too, one must mention.)

Falling into conversation with a group of children returning home by ferry from the French school in the city, one learns that the parents are French, but next year they will go to the British school and learn English. It is humbling to realize the eagerness and hunger on every hand and among every people for that larger life to which the English tongue seems to promise an open door. *Four* Turkish students in one of our own schools four years ago, and *seventy-five* Turkish students in that school this year!

Alongside of this swift current of growing national consciousness and development of Turkey's outreach for its share in modern life flows the deep current of the friendliness and outreach toward its people of our own representatives in Turkey. Through education, through literature, through personal contacts, the water of life is poured. The most lasting among first impressions is the consciousness of the mingling of these two currents, potential of untold dynamic (power?) in the Near East.

A MERZIFOUN EXHIBIT

By BERTHA DAMARIS COLMYER

THIS picture of two Turkish women was taken at the close of the language study classes held last year in Merzifoun for teaching the new letters by order of the Government. Almost two hundred women attended these classes, and at the close of the four months' study an examination was given. Some did not pass the test and have had to repeat the work this year. The Turkish women teachers of the town are required to teach these classes, two a week for four months, in addition to their regular teaching in the grade schools.

The picture of the two women, one in "charshaf," the other in Western modern dress, is certainly a study of "The Old and the New of Fashion," in Turkish dress. The modern-dressed woman was a teacher in our school two years ago. But now that she is married she does not always dress in her new clothes but dons the "charshaf"; in fact, nine-tenths of the women in Merzifoun wear the "charshaf" all the time.

The cupboard of canned fruit and vegetables is the product of my girls in Home Economics Cookery class. The girls were so pleased with the result

as well as enjoying the process of canning. This, of course, was done during the fall months, and now the girls serve meals and invite their friends, making use of their canned goods for each meal. Each girl has the opportunity of being hostess, waitress, head cook, second cook, housekeeper, and buyer during the year. We keep an accurate account of everything which we use, including food and fuel, in the Home Economics Department so the girls may know how to efficiently manage a home; and since there are only six girls in our cookery class, it is indeed quite like a family. The meals are served in our pretty little dining-room

which the girls refurnished, painting the furniture, making a bay-window seat and cover and curtains out of old material, and hemstitching and block-printing a linen luncheon set. How pleased they were when it was finished and everything looked so attractive. In serving the meals the girls are very anxious to learn how to cook American dishes, but since they do not know how to cook the dishes of their own country I have made a rule that at least one Turkish dish must be prepared and sometimes we make a Turkish à la American dish and the girls are much pleased. But of course my main object is to teach them the practical ideas and things which they can do in their own homes.

The village pictures are interesting because they show something of the life of the villagers, most of them poor. But everyone greeted us so cordially and was glad to see the American doctor. These pictures were taken on our first medical trip last fall when Miss Zbinden, Dr. Clark, and I visited five villages in one day, starting at 6:30 in the morning and returning at 5:30 in the dark evening. On this first trip the doctor treated forty-two patients and saw many more. One dear old lady said to the doctor, "The good Allah has sent you to us today because my son has been sick in bed for months and we cannot cure him." The doctor found out that the man had hip trouble and would need hospital attention, but our hospital is not open, so we could give little help.

How sorely the women need to be taught something about child care! We saw this happen in one home: a month-old baby was lying on the floor crying and before it, on the open fire, some sand was being heated. When the sand was warm, the mother placed it in a large colored cloth which was used for a diaper. Then she placed the child on it and piled the sand over the child's body and wound the child up tightly in this cloth, and then another large cloth was used to bind up the feet and the arms. Around this bundle of child and cloths,

Dr. Clark Examining a Patient

Ready To Eat in Village Fashion

a heavy cord was wound so everything would stay securely,—the child having no freedom of his limbs. The child was then placed in a hammock made of rope and cloths, and stayed there for hours in that condition. Our nurse, Miss Zbinden, spoke to the mother about "our way of caring for children," but the poor mother thought this a strange way, too.

Our girls are taking up the study of child care in school, and we are hoping that some of them may become interested in helping their own village people after they leave our school—through social service work. The girls have been busy during our weekly class meetings in making picture scrap books and mending old toys for these poor children.

The picture, "Ready to eat in the village fashion," is an excellent one, for it shows the low table and the common bowl or dish from which everyone eats with a wooden spoon. They were delighted to have me take the picture.

ON THE ROAD TO MANGALAM

By DOROTHY P. CUSHING

THE Reverend Doctor Goodandearnest, U. S. A., steps into his Buick, Ford or Packard, as the case may be, and glides, or bounces, again as the case may be, to the homes of his parishioners in the city or town. His congregation may number 300 or 3,000 but seldom, except in the outpost country areas, will he have to travel over a radius of more than eight or ten miles to circle his parishioners. And NEVER, we venture to guess, has he had to swim to get to them!

SWIMS TO HIS PEOPLE

Now Rev. C. J. Chelliah lives in Sivaganga, India, and his pastorate includes twenty-one congregations and a Christian community of more than a thousand scattered through forty-four villages. When tanks and irrigation channels are full this pastor sometimes reaches his flock by swimming, or not at all.

Over in Mangalam, twelve miles from Madura as the crow flies but twenty-seven miles as the auto ambles, Dr. Harriet Parker Vaughan, Rev. Charles Stanley Vaughan and Dr. Alice Moses of the Sahaya Virdu ("Help House") found a great deal of sickness developing just as they were prepared to pull out! They arranged this trip "while the going was good" but feel a fortnightly visit should be made. Here the Adi-Dravidas of one class have become Christian and those of another class are deeply interested.

SHANK'S MARE PLUS

Now Manamadura pastorate, which is headed by Rev. G. P. George, had some 1500 Christians in thirty-four or more villages. These, for the most part, are off the high road and reached by cart tracks which run indifferently over rocky waste and thorny patches or through irrigation channels and tank beds. Pastor George does most of his traveling by a one-bullock cart and a bicycle-plus-Shank's mare.

FAMILY PROBLEMS GALORE

The problems that meet the Indian pastor are legion. Here, for example, is a village where two years ago the first three converts were made. Then, last fall, Pastor George baptized six more. A month later came four. Of this latter group two were women. Some of the women had clung so closely to their old religion that when their husbands became Christian they refused for several days to cook food for them! Now, however, they are becoming not only somewhat reconciled but are sufficiently interested to stand outside the door and watch the worshippers. *"A strong Bible woman is needed to teach these women,"* says Dr. Vaughan.

PLEDGE TO WITHSTAND PERSECUTION

"Two prominent men from Keelayur came to see me and earnestly requested me to go to their village and preach the Gospel to them and to their kith and kin," reports Mr. George. "It was the rainy season and the tanks and channels were full of water. Yet I managed to reach the village—of course I had to swim in spots. I was greatly delighted to see the earnestness and joy of the people. Later, three other prominent persons came to me with a written agreement that they and their families, consisting of eleven members, were ready for baptism and would be firm in their faith whatever persecution or calamity might occur. We have no *provision in our budget to appoint either a catechist or a Bible woman to give them regular instruction.*"

UNCLE MOSES

Uncle Moses is a farmer, poor yet rich—poor in education but rich in faith. He directs one of these "orphan" village congregations for Pastor George. Two of his nieces, whose father was murdered, are in the Birdsnest at Madura. Last year Uncle Moses won the prize offered for the best tomatoes raised in the villages.

WEPT OVER BUDGET

Now American pastors have weary hours with finance committees but they deal in large city churches, in thousands—even the country church is rich in comparison to these Indian congregations. When Pastor Chelliah, with $200 from the American Board, tried to make up his budget last year, he met with so much discouragement that he went to the Church Council meeting and wept. This year things were eased up a bit by Bates' workers but the situation grows in opportunities which cannot be grasped for lack of workers and funds.

LIKE NEW-BORN CHICKS

Rev. and Mrs. Vaughan drove forty miles to be present at the baptism in Kakkalattur of thirteen families, comprising fifty-one persons. Dr. Vaughan reports that Mr. Dass, who shepherds six villages and visits each weekly, appointed a young lad to be "monitor" in his absence. This youth led the singing of a group of illiterate boys, "lining out" Tamil lyrics in the old-fashioned way. The day previous, thirty-eight persons (nine families) had been baptized in another village. These were Adi-Dravidas and likely to be persecuted by the higher castes for their change in religion.

But, to sum it all up, as Pastor Chelliah puts it—"They are chickens just out of the eggs—no use baptizing them, leaving them uncared for."

In this same village of Kakkalattur not one child was in school.

OUR STAMP CORNER

ON February 9, 1931, a new issue of six stamps appeared in British India. This issue commemorates the opening of New Delhi as the new capital of India. Years ago, Delhi was one of the capitals from which the famous Moghul emperors governed a large part of North India. South of this ancient seat of power, along a splendid avenue, Great Britain has erected a great group of buildings to house the Viceroy, the secretariat, and the Council House. The inauguration of New Delhi awakened little enthusiasm in India. Nor is this to be wondered at, for these palatial buildings cost India over $46,000,000. Nothing in their architecture is in harmony with Indian tradition or taste.

The ¼ anna stamp shows a gate of the Old Fort at Delhi. This is typical of the old city, and thus typical of India under the rule of her own kings.

The ½ anna stamp shows the arch erected at New Delhi as a memorial to India's dead in the Great War.

The 1 anna stamp shows the Council House (jocularly called "the Wedding Cake.") Here now meets the Indian Legislative Assembly, the Council of State, and the Chamber of Princes; the first an elected body from all British India; the second a nominated body as a council to the Viceroy; and the third made up of India's maharajahs, rajahs, and petty rulers, nearly seven hundred in number who rule larger and smaller native states, making up one third of India's territory and nearly one fourth of India's population.

The 2 anna stamp pictures the Viceroy's house, a tremendous structure.

The 3 anna stamp features the Secretariat.

The 1 rupee stamp displays two of the four "Asoka" columns presented by the four dominions, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

All of the stamps but the 1 rupee carry the picture of King George V at the right of the other subject portrayed. Upon the 1 rupee stamp, this picture appears in the center between the "Asoka" columns.

HOME BASE

CAROLYN D. SMILEY, Editor

Are you vitally interested in the great changes that are taking place throughout the world? Come and hear what outstanding leaders will say at the

Northfield
Summer Conference
for
Woman's Foreign Missionary
Societies
July 13 to 21, 1931

Such Christian statesmen as Dr. Paul Harrison, Dr. Alden Clark, and Mr. Charles McConnell will be among the speakers at the evening meetings. Professor Oscar Buck, just returned from the Orient, will give courses on missions. Miss Gertrude Shultz will present the Mission Study Book of the year. Professor H. Augustine Smith of Boston University will be in charge of all the music. Dr. Raymond Calkins will conduct the Auditorium Bible class, and will preach on Sunday. Other leaders expected are Mr. Milton T. Stauffer, Mrs. Virgil B. Sease, Dr. Eleanor Calverly, Miss Nona M. Diehl, Mrs. C. K. Lippard, Miss Emily J. Werner, and Miss Frances Ball.

COME TO STAR ISLAND, ISLES OF SHOALS

August 15–29

"Come away by yourselves to some quiet place, and rest a little while."

A cool, nine-mile sail from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and you are at Star Island, where there is no hurry or worry but just the murmur of the sea, and the fellowship of delightful people. You will have the pleasure of attending a splendid conference which always offers all kinds of inspiration, entertainment, and fun. It begins with an informal gathering where you will meet many old friends.

Here are some of the speakers: Rev. Charles R. Joy, administrative vice-president of the American Unitarian Association; Rev. Alfred A. Lee, minister of the Crowstone Congregational Church, Westcliff-on-Sea, England.

Rev. John Reid (the Conference president) will give a travelogue on Europe one evening. Another evening Dr. Ann T. Gibson, director of Singing Eagle Lodge, and her girls will put on a very charming entertainment on the front lawn.

Everybody loves the candlelight service read each week-day evening of the conference in the little stone meetinghouse.

This year the ministers are to have a real get-together. A retreat for them will begin Monday, August 24, and will last four days. The leader will be the Rev. William L. Sullivan of Philadelphia. Dr. Sullivan began his notable ministry in the Roman Catholic Church. He is now in the Unitarian fellowship.

The conference hopes for a record attendance of young people. Their leader will be the Rev. David N. Beach of Payson Park Church, at Belmont, Massachusetts.

Come to Star Island this summer!

Address Rev. Charles E. Dunn, executive secretary, at 23 Sunderland Avenue, Rutherford, New Jersey.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL CONFERENCE OF MISSIONS

This conference is the "Northfield" to this section of the country. It is to be held in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, June 29–July 7. The leaders speak for themselves. Among them are the following: Miss Luella Adams, leader of young women in Home Missions; Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, LL.D., author and lecturer; Miss Florence G. Tyler, executive secretary, Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions.

A varied program of worship, study, and recreation has been carefully prepared. Days together offer every kind of delightful opportunity to meet and know representatives from America and other lands.

Write Miss Muriel C. Post, 907 Lindley Avenue, Logan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

AN EASTER SHOWER

The women from Christian churches in Newton, Stratham, Rye, Wolfboro, and Manchester, New Hampshire, also the women of Amesbury, Massachusetts joined in our Easter shower (by mail) for Miss Martha Stacy in the new apartment at Ishinomaki.

She received the articles in May, before she left for Arima Conference and for furlough. The Stratham bureau cover just fitted, the aprons, pillow slips, holders, cuff and collar set, handkerchiefs, money, etc. "well furnish the new home with accessories that mean so much."

THE "GOLDEN LILY TANK" IN THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MADURA, SOUTH INDIA

HINDU LADIES BREAKFASTING IN A CALCUTTA GARDEN

American Board Tour to India and a Trail around the World

November, 1931—March, 1932

COME AND SEE

A Modern Mission Hospital
An Up-to-date Neighborhood House
A Progressive School
A Forward-looking College

JUST YOUR CHANCE

To gain a first-hand impression of the great political and social revolution now in progress in India.

Price: $2510

Please address all correspondence to

Miss Carolyn D. Smiley, associate secretary A.B.C.F.M.

14 Beacon Street Boston, Massachusetts

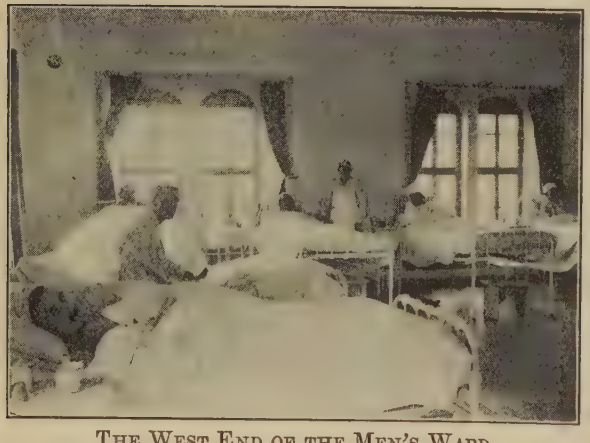
DEWEY & CO. AT GAZIANTEP

DR. DEWEY IN HIS CLINIC

This old villager means no discourtesy by keeping on his hat. According to an old Turkish custom, it is not polite to remove hats.

OPERATING ROOM AT GAZIANTEP

From left to right: Theda Phelps, Jean Honiss, Dr. Dewey (one ear showing), Fatma Hanum, the one Turkish nurse, and Dr. Mejit, the Turkish surgeon at Gaziantep.



THE WEST END OF THE MEN'S WARD

The nurse is a faithful elderly Armenian with no race prejudice in her heart. She rejoices over her Turkish men and boy patients when the high temperatures go down and when these patients are sent out well and strong.

MAHMUD IN THE LABORATORY

Here is an ambitious young Turk who studied in the night school at Gaziantep, learned English, and gradually worked into the position of clinic clerk and laboratory assistant.

THE CANDIDATE CONFERENCE

FRONT ROW, SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: *Miss Ethel M. LeRoy* of Auburndale, Massachusetts, who goes as a teacher to the American High School at Ahmednagar, India. Miss LeRoy is a graduate of Oberlin College and Teachers' College, Columbia. For the past four years she has taught in the Wellesley Hills Junior High School; *Robert E. Dole* of Lewiston, Idaho, who goes as a builder to Dondi, West Central Africa. Mr. Dole is a graduate of the University of Idaho, and for the past few years has been an instructor in shop work at this university. He is holding Mary Catherine Dole; *Mrs. Walter Curtis Tong* of New Haven, Connecticut, who goes to Davao, Philippine Islands. Mrs. Tong is a graduate of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: *Miss Katherine Hardeman* of Greensboro, North Carolina, going as a teacher to Capron Hall School for Girls, Madura, India. Miss Hardeman is a graduate of North Carolina College, and for the past year has been teaching at Woman's College of Alabama, as head of the Physical Education Department; *T. Scott Mendenhall* of Marietta, Ohio, who goes as a tutor to Tarsus, Turkey. Mr. Mendenhall graduates this year from Marietta College; *Mrs. Robert E. Dole* of Lewiston, Idaho, who accompanies Mr. Dole and their two children to Dondi, West Central Africa; *Rev. William Curtis Tong* of New Haven, Connecticut, going for general missionary work in an agricultural community near Davao, Philippine Islands. Mr. Tong is a graduate of Connecticut Agricultural College, and Yale Divinity School; *Mrs. Glenna K. Crew* of West Milton, Ohio, who goes to Kobe College, Japan, as secretary to the president.

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: *Miss Eleanor E. Oliphint* of Huntsville, Texas, who goes as a teacher to the American High School for Girls in Aleppo, Syria. Miss Oliphint is a graduate of Sam Houston State Teachers College and is taking her M.A. at Columbia University; *Miss Marian Kane* of Dalton, Massachusetts, who goes to Kobe College, Japan, as a teacher. Miss Kane is a graduate of Wheaton College, with an M.A. in religious education from Columbia. She has already served several years in Japan as a missionary teacher on term service; *Miss Theresa M. Ruder* of Kulm, North Dakota, who goes as a teacher to Kobe College, Japan. Miss Ruder is a graduate of Yankton College, and has been teaching in Kulm for the past two years; *Miss Betty I. Taylor, R.N.* of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, who goes as a nurse to the American Hospital for Women and Children in Madura, India. Miss Taylor trained in the Lady Stanley School of Nursing.

At the Conference, but not in the picture, was Rev. Sydney K. Bunker of Wilton, Connecticut, a graduate of Oberlin College and Union Seminary. He is to go to South Africa where he was born, his father being an American Board missionary.

GLADYS CLARK WILDER

GLADYS CLARK WILDER AT NORTHFIELD

Mrs. Wilder is seen here second from the right. The list is as follows, counting from the left: Ruth Isabel Seabury, Ruby Phillips Birge, Grace Woods Olcott, Mrs. Wilder, Priscilla Holton.

BY RUTH ISABEL SEABURY

Red-haired. An only child. An impulsive not to say explosive nature. What kind of a missionary will she make? So, perhaps, a querying friend when the announcement came that "Glad" Clark was going to India. Those who knew her best, though, must have nodded in satisfaction and said with relief, "Well, good for Gladys! She's got it at last."

For Gladys Clark made up her mind to be a medical missionary in her sophomore year in high school in 1917. India she set before her as her heart's desire some three years later and she pressed toward the prize with even greater impatience till the day of her sailing. That she should have taken India so fully to her heart, its life into her life, in the four short years since then speaks eloquently of that life purpose which never faltered.

Gladys Clark was born in Auburn, New York, February 15, 1903. Her father, Albert Harvey Clark, is a lawyer of that town, a Cornell University graduate. Her mother, Grace Hobart Clark, graduated from Syracuse University. Gladys was their only child. Her background was very definitely that of a Christian home in the best sense of the word. There she stored up in home and in the Presbyterian Church in which her family were active, the material for her deep Christian impetus and her later experience.

She graduated from Wellesley College in the class of 1924. In college she attended the Wellesley Congregational Church and became an associate member of it. In those days, too, influenced by her friends in Wellesley, she went one summer as a delegate to Aloha Camp, the Congregational Girls' Camp held each year as a part of the Women's Foreign Missions Conference at Northfield. As director of that camp, I found Gladys from the very first an intensely loyal, interested, enthusiastic "Alohaite." I remember the year she came back as Camp Nurse, and the thrill she got from that fact; also the influence she exerted on the girls who came to know her best. In fact, one, I think, is on the mission field today because of her. Many in America are busily at work in the churches of their own home town because of the contagion of her interest in India and Christian service, and the fresh contact she established for them and *kept* fresh.

When she sailed to India in 1927 it was as an R.N. from the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, for medical work in the Marathi Mission, India. She served first at Wai, and later in the Ahmednagar Hospital whose chief of staff, Dr. Ruth Hume, had for years "as one Wellesleyite to another" been a large influence in her career.

Personalities have ever been the great inspiration of her life. Jesus was to her most real in those whom she loved and admired and also in those she served. "My message," she wrote in her candidate papers when she applied for service, "is Jesus of Nazareth. My motive: Jesus' love for people. When all mankind acts with a sense of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man the Kingdom of God will have come on earth."

She was commissioned in the Camp she loved among the friends closest to her. I shall never forget the "glow" of that day. How she *loved* Life! And how joyously she stepped out to meet whatever came. "We follow, *not* with fear." Even the shadow of separation and sorrow over the loneliness of her courageous, generous family could not quite darken her joy.

She was "adopted" as a missionary of the Center Church, Hartford, Connecticut, and joined the church before sailing. Each letter from India breathed more fully her growing love for her adopted country. Personalities again! And this time Indian: her friend, Dr. Sundrabai; her Indian nurses; Dr. Mathurabai; the children of the hospital; the village patients; the people she met in those infrequent journeyings to "outside India" —these all lived for us. When I saw her in India, though surrounded by problems, she could be diverted in a second from the problems of her work by mention of "the people."

On August 16, 1930, Gladys was married to Francis Sidney Wilder, familiar to her friends increasingly as "Sid." He was a Keene, New Hampshire boy, a Dartmouth graduate in the class of 1925, an M.A.

(Continued on page 326)

A WORLD AT PEACE

A SERVICE OF WORSHIP

By SUSAN A. ANDREWS

THEME: *Our Objective—A World at Peace*

1. Leader announces theme and reads the following:

One Christmas time during the last war, Joyce Kilmer wrote:

The kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night
And the hills belch death all day.
But the Christ of the ages, the Master of all,
Is fair and gentle and very small.
He lies in the straw by the oxen's stall,
Let them think of him today.

2. Prelude—It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Piano, with violin if possible

3. Hymn—God the All-Merciful

4. Scripture Reading and solo alternating as follows:

Leader says: Men at their best have always longed for peace. A prophet of old once said:

"Behold, it shall come to pass in the latter days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many peoples shall go and say: Come ye, let us go up to the mountains of the Lord."

Solo: (Music of 254 *Hymnal for American Youth*)

Thy Kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide circling as the sun;
Fulfill of old Thy word,
And make the nations one.

Leader: "I will make thy officers peace and thy rulers righteousness. Violence and destruction shall no more be heard in the land. Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will make a new covenant with you. I will put my law within you and write it in your hearts. My people shall be righteous and shall inherit the earth forever. I, the Lord, will bring it to pass in mine own time."

Solo:

One in the bond of peace;
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

Leader: "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth, he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariots in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth."

Solo:

Speed, speed the longed-for time,
Foretold by raptured seers—
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years.

Leader: "God shall judge the nations and arbitrate for many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. For the people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, and in safe dwellings, and in quiet resting places. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever."

Solo:

Till rise at last to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

5. Offertory, announced by the leader who says:

Phillips Brooks once said, "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind."

During the receiving of the offering the pianist plays "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind."

As the offering is brought forward the leader says:

Thou, our Father, hast put it into our hearts to care for others and to give to them. And now we would ask thy blessing upon our gift. As it is transformed into service here and in other lands,

may it play a part in the building of a peaceful world. In the spirit of the Christ we pray. Amen.

6. Story (This should be told, not read)

Two Boundary Lines

Once upon a time, in the year 1900 to be exact, there were two nations that thought they had a good reason for going to war with each other. They were Argentina and Chile, and their trouble was about the boundary that wound around and among the heights of the Andes Mountains. So long had they brooded over their quarrel that they were just on the point of fighting and both sides had made great preparations. But the Christian people of the two countries, in the persons of their bishops, and the women who did not wish to lose their husbands and sons, protested against such a step, and finally it was agreed to let the King of England arbitrate the matter.

At last the matter was settled to the satisfaction of both countries. Then the question arose, what could be done with all their warships and guns? The ships were sold for freighters, and the soldiers were sent home to till the soil, while the money that had been spent for fortifications was used to make better roads and harbors. But the women of the two countries felt that something ought to be done to keep this victory of peace continually in the minds of the people. So money was raised and a young sculptor secured to make a beautiful statue of Christ out of cannons that had been melted down. On the very day that the peace treaty was ratified, Senora De Cost, who had been the leading spirit among the women, invited representatives of the two governments to inspect the statue, and secured from them permission to have it placed on the highest accessible pinnacle of the Andes.

It was a difficult task to carry the heavy bronze up the mountain. After a train had carried it as far as tracks had been laid, the journey was continued on gun carriages, and when the road became dangerous, the people took the ropes and helped, that the precious statue might reach its destination in safety. Hundreds of people were present when the statue was unveiled. The Argentines camped on the Chilean side of the boundary and the Chileans on the Argentine side, as an evidence of friendliness. Hymns were sung and prayers were said, and there was a great salute of guns. The sound echoed down the mountains and through the valleys. Then the face of Christ was unveiled and the people read the inscription beneath it:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

There the statue stands today, a silent witness to the possibility of peace between nations. Henry Van Dyke has been inspired by the sight to write a beautiful poem, prophetic of a still larger peace between nations when all guns shall be melted into the spirit of good will.

" 'Christ of the Andes,' Christ of everywhere,
Great lover of the hills, the open air,
And patient lover of impatient men
Who blindly strive and sin and strive again—
Thou living Word, larger than any creed,
Thou Love Divine, uttered in human deed,
Oh, teach the warring world, warring still,
Thy way of Peace, the foot-path of Good Will!"

7. Prayer. This prayer was offered at the dedication of the Christ of the Andes by Senor Carbrera of Argentina:

"O God, will it that war shall disappear. Put out fires of rivalry, of hate, and cause to reign among men concord and love. Give unto the nations peace, benevolence, and order; and to such end let the spirit of evil be broken, let the dew of Thy loving kindness descend upon and penetrate the hearts of men."

Help us to realize, our Father, that these great aspirations can only become real as individuals help to bring them about; that even though *I* am just one, *it makes a difference* whether I desire peace and am honestly doing, in my world, all that I can to make my desire come true. If we pray for peace, make us willing to work for it. Amen.

8. Prayer Response. Solo: Let There Be Light (first stanza only)

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts,
Let there be wisdom on the earth,
Let broad humanity have birth,
Let there be deeds instead of boasts!

9. Hymn. These Things Shall Be—A Loftier Race

10. Benediction

NOTE: The hymns used in this service may probably be found in any hymn book. They are all in *Hymnal for American Youth.*

NOTE: In February, 1932, will occur the Disarmament Conference. Christians the world around will prepare their hearts and minds for that day with intelligent thought, work, and prayer. The following worship service will be one help suitable for group use with high school girls and boys, and young people. Women's groups will find it suggestive as they plan a service to go with any one of their year's programs emphasizing peace. Separate copies may be secured by writing to the Education Department, American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Other helpful material including a pageant and discussion material on Peace will be found in the June Envelope Series published by the Education Department, price, 5 cents a copy.

THIS IS STATION A B C F M

DOROTHY P. CUSHING ANNOUNCING

The Blind Boy of Tientsin

Blind from childhood, living with his mother, brother, and invalid wife in one room, this lad made carpet beaters by night and sold them by day on the street to eke out the pittance of 30 or 40 cents daily earned by the brother as a jinricksha puller. Then the mother died. Even money sufficient to buy a cheap coffin was not available. The blind boy remembered the friendship of Arthur G. Robinson, and found his way to him. He had been for a time a pupil in the blind school supported by the Tientsin Rotary Club. To this group Mr. Robinson appealed. He also sold the 16 rug beaters that the boy had for $1 apiece, and took orders for as many more. After one of the Rotary Club meetings a Chinese business man walked up to Mr. Robinson and slipped $100 into his hand, with which to cover the funeral expenses in the mother's home village. Furthermore, a way is being provided to sell the rug beaters so that the blind boy will not be made to suffer the strain of going out on the street. "If society could only be organized in such a way as to handle all similar cases we would be living in another world," adds Rev. Harold S. Matthews of Tientsin, who tells the story of the blind boy, and who took his picture.

Appalling Unemployment Situation in Japan

The tapping of the missionary's typewriter on which he was pounding out a letter home was interrupted by a tapping at his door. When he returned to his work he wrote: "I was just called to the door to talk to a down-and-outer. . . . Every day unemployed, but employable, come to my door asking for help. I give them what jobs I can. The eagerness with which they accept an hour's task of clearing snow makes it a pleasure to give the work. But it is disheartening to feel that any relief we can give is only superficial. "The depression in Japan," continues Rev. Frank Cary of the one-man station of Otaru, "has been getting worse for ten years until at present it couldn't be more so without turning into rice riots.- The Christian churches of Otaru have evolved a system of meal tickets whereby a man gets one square meal a day—but that man is supposed to be helped but once; the assumption being that other groups will have a similar system which will keep the unemployed from starving. It helps a man to eat but it doesn't replenish his clothes or insure that the next day he will be any better off," adds Cary sadly.

"Go into the Villages . . . and You Wonder"

Get away from the trains, the busses and the entertainment centers in India, where life on the surface seems going on as usual, and go into the country, where the villagers live and you will wonder at the patience and endurance of the farmer, declares Rev. C. Stanley Vaughan of Madura, India. "I speak more especially of the Christian cultivators," he adds. There are two crops, cotton and peanuts. Cotton is hardly salable at any price now, and peanuts do not pay for the cost of marketing. The economic distress is so great that already one pastorate at Paralechi has come to an end and others may meet the same fate. For years Paralechi had worked toward a church of its own, and had just come to the point where it was to secure a pastor. Recently the landlord tried to disposses them of their lands, and the money which was to have gone for the minister's salary has had to be used up in defending their title. "Under such circumstances it seems cruelty to ask them to increase their giving," Mr. Vaughan points out, "but that is what we are going to do, for it is the only way to prevent a serious falling off all around."

THE EYES HAVE IT

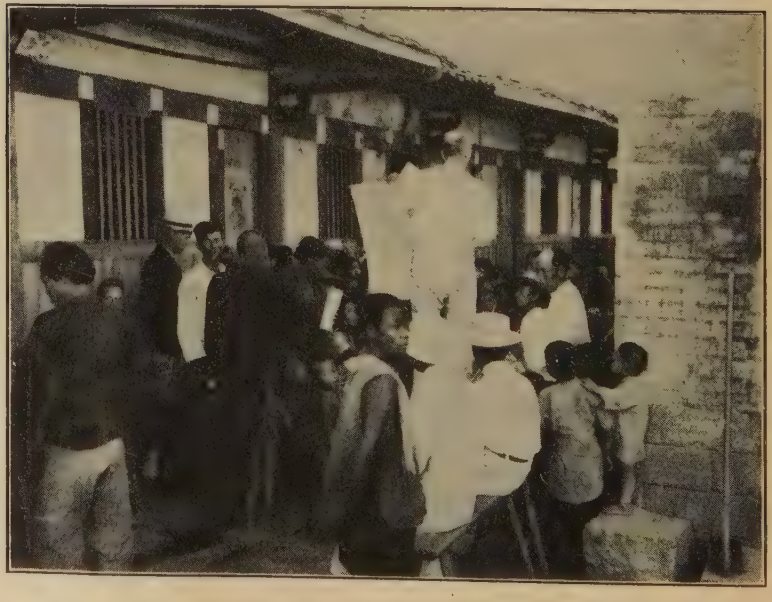
Television Section *Station A. B. C. F. M.*

SEVEN REASONS WHY CHINA HOLDS INTENSE FASCINATION

for us! says Miss Helen Leonora Kintner, 1930 appointee, now in language study at Peiping, North China. Right out of the mail bag, all hot and bothered from its long ocean trip, comes this picture of seven jolly little Chinese. It will be well worth studying their facial expressions.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

Here is a man who does a great deal of successful street preaching in China. He is Rev. Leonard J. Christian of Foochow. He's the one without a hat, holding the chart. Seated, dressed in white, is Rev. Samuel H. Leger of Foochow, "listening in." Don't miss the little shaver near the wall, or the two in the center voluminously dressed in a piece of string! Who knows? They may be China's future Motts, Moodys, and Fosdicks!



THE EYES HAVE IT

Television Section *Station A. B. C. F. M.*

LEND LIGHT! LEND LIGHT!

"Lend light! Lend light!" The call goes out. Two coolies shuffle along the corridor carrying between them a patient on a bed board. Their cries clear the way and Ai Lan rides in state from Ward Four up to the Children's Ward for her daily sunning. "My goodness, Baby Lee, here comes Ai Lan and you will have to go back to your bed!" A busy nurse puts shirt and diaper on fat, brown baby Lee, and tucks her into her little white crib where she does more experimenting with her two new teeth on a celluloid doll.

Small Patient and Chinese Nurse at Taiku Hospital, China

"Now, Shu Fan," the nurse continues, "get some clothes on! There is room for you to sun with Baby Lee, but Ai Lan needs all the sunshine there is. Maybe you can sun later. We'll see."

All this excitement is over a small patch of sunlight that falls through a single pane of cello glass. It is the latest addition to the equipment of the Children's Ward of the Taiku Hospital, in North China. "Every sunny day the children take their turns and if there is time a few grown-ups may have a chance," says Nurse Helen Dizney who writes this charming little story.

"CAN'T you see that square of sunlight slowly, slowly moving across the ward floor," she adds, "and our sick children taking eager turns absorbing its healing rays."

About ten years ago Ex-president Ts'ao K'un of China repaired at a cost of $3,000,000 Mex. the temple to the God of War at Paotingfu. The smoke of offerings again arose from its altars. Temple bells rang. K'un, rising from a bandit chief, was uneducated and superstitious. But he had witnessed the Great War. "Surely," he thought, "there must be something in this war business if civilized nations engage in it so lustily." So he sought the help of the God of War. When war inevitably came to K'un all his offerings of gold and silver, blood of sheep and goats, fragrance of incense availed him naught. The God of War thus honored did not rise from his bed, read his war books, slip on his gorgeous shoes, and save K'un from defeat and prison. He stayed just as you see him now. He did not even save himself. Soldiers came and lived in his temple using the beautiful carvings for kindling wood. Horses profaned his sanctuary and spoiled the fine paintings. The beds of the military were laid in the inner temple. This interesting picture was taken by the late Edward Bosworth Cassel of Tungshien.

And the God Slept On

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

Rev. C. C. Fuller Writes from Machemeje

"It was no small sacrifice for the Mission to take us away from the rapidly growing work at Chikore and west of the Sabi River and locate us at Machemeje. It was the feeling that we must keep our more than thirty years of promises to the people in the Lowlands that made the Mission decide to occupy the station in spite of so many obstacles.

"Mrs. Fuller and I came here in fear and trembling, as we do not know any Portuguese, and few of the people of the country speak much English. But we have gotten on wonderfully well, and Miss Clarke has been a great help in our interviews with Government officials and in correspondence with them. Everyone has been very kind to us, and the opposition of the officials (at least to us personally) seems to have largely passed away.

"When we first arrived at the station it was hard to get labor, but men and boys came in later and I had more than fifty of them at work. We made many bricks and burned most of them; completed the first residence for missionaries; did our part in making seven miles of new road through the jungle to connect the station with the main road (Chief Machemeje and his people helped us, and Chief Boka and his people made about two miles of it); cleaned out and stoned in one of the wells that had caved in during the heavy rains last year; rebuilt and rethatched several of the old sheds and huts; did a lot of clearing around the station; and got ready for building the second residence this year. Miss Clarke lived in the old place where Mr. Petras lived for so many years. We lived in his 'new place.'

"We met with a warm reception from the Christian community, the chief, and all of his people. The present chief is a young man and his father is still living. Young Machemeje was converted at Johannesburg and was an active Christian there, in fact, was an evangelist for several years. He speaks Portuguese well and can read it, Chindau and Zulu, as he studied in the night school at Johannesburg. He was chosen to be chief in place of his father for that reason, and he is the representative with Government for several other chiefs who are not educated. I am told that his father told him frankly that he could not be a Christian and chief at the same time, and it appears he is only nominally, if that, a follower of Jesus. However, he is friendly to us and in sympathy with our work, and most anxious for a school to be opened here.

"Miss Clarke did a lot of good work by visiting all of the homes of the Christians and the kraals of the heathen within five or six miles of the station. She met with a warm welcome, and many asked her to come again to tell them more of the Gospel. The heathen people said that the Christians were not doing personal work among them as in the past (before the Commandante warned them not to try to proselyte among the others). The Christian men were told, after Mr. Dysart and I were here two years ago, not to hold public services for worship on Sunday, but to worship in their own houses privately.

"Edith was able to reach the people at once, as she had not forgotten her Chindau, and the growth of the medical work has been wonderful. She also got a class of sixteen young girls together to learn sewing, and taught the women to cut out and make dresses and clothing. Our friend, Secretary de Santa Clara from Chibababa's, came to inspect the new road, and saw the sewing class in session. He was much interested and said there was no objection to such work. We trust that this year will see the beginning of regular work, both evangelistic and educational, at the new station."

Rev. Henry A. Stick of Amanzimtoti Institute, Adams, Natal

"After three years of absence it is interesting to come back and note the changes that have taken place. The first we saw was a most unexpected increase in the number of good Zulu houses in the Adams district. Our industrial missionary has discovered that cement building blocks is one of the cheapest and most substantial materials for local building purposes. The blocks can be made in a simple wooden form on the spot where the building is to be erected. When the native people realized that they could make these durable blocks themselves, the only cash outlay being for the cement, they readily responded, and as a result the community is being built up with substantial, good-looking houses.

"Another surprise that awaited us was the great increase of interest in education. Schools that were struggling along when we left with an attendance of 30 to 40 now have an enrollment of 90 to 100 with two or three teachers. The enrollment in all native schools in Natal province for 1931 is 10,000 more than in 1930. Many of the younger boys are unable to attend school during the day because they must herd cattle. So night schools have been established for them; there are 12 such schools in our Mission field.

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"Unfortunately we do not find such a hunger after spiritual things as there is for education. Our own particular effort must be made in the way of helping to arouse greater interest in them. At present our work is that of supervision of a large district of country churches: 14 main stations, 90 centers of worship, with 14 Zulu pastors as associates. Occasionally we have a day of Bible study with the large corps of lay preachers who assist in conducting the Sunday services. Here at Adams we meet monthly, ending up with a picnic dinner prepared by Mrs. Stick after three or four hours of good fellowship over great Bible truths.

DR. AND MRS. EDWARD W. WILDER LAND IN INDIA

"Home at last, and how good it seems to be here! Our first intimation of real home-coming was at Manila, where we began to really suffer from the heat. Singapore was still more homelike because its foliage is like ours in India, and many of the people we met were from India and spoke Tamil. For years there has been a steady flow of coolies on contract from our villages to the tea and rubber plantations of the Malay states, an emigration which reached peaks in years when the rains failed in India and there was no work in the fields. But depression has hit there, too, and a passenger who got on at Penang told us that 130,000 coolies had been returned from the rubber plantations there to India during the last year, for lack of work. The work of unloading ship the three days we were in Singapore was done by South Indian coolies; and it was good to be able to talk Tamil again, and they seemed to enjoy hearing us.

"We arrived in Ceylon bright and early on the 25th of February and that evening got on the train for Madura. At a station thirty miles from Madura an Indian came up and presented us with limes, the symbol of welcome to India. When we drew into the station at Madura, the hospital staff found their way to us before our fellow-missionaries. It was a joy to us that the first to welcome us to Indian soil were Indians. The train got in a few minutes ahead of schedule, and we were not entirely packed up. Everyone was anxious to help, and each one rushed into our compartment and grabbed one of our parcels and carried it out. I shall not soon forget the sight of the old man who has had charge of the linen and the operating room for about as many years as I am old, walking through the station gate, carrying in one hand a sweet grass sewing basket, and in the other a moist washcloth and three safety pins!

"Then there was the return to our old home and the welcoming teas which followed on different days, by the Mission, the hospital staff, the Ladies' Aid and the Choir. There were constant groups of

callers, and a meeting of welcome at the Sunday School for Harriet besides. Garlands, flowers, original Tamil lyrics of thanksgiving, welcoming addresses, and halting efforts to reply properly in the unaccustomed language were the order of the day. Mother shares in all this, and enjoys it. The people are eager to meet her and tell her how glad they are that she has come to India, and to ask for her impressions of their country. . . .

"Unpacking has presented its thrills and excitement. The operating table, a gift from a hospital in New England, came through perfectly and is the admiration of the hospital staff. Today we used it for the first time as we tried to relieve a man's stomach pain, and then for an hour and a half followed the meanderings of a guinea worm in the ankle of a little boy from one of our boarding schools. Such a comfort it was, to have a table just the right height, which could be manipulated by a mere turn of wheel, in place of the high, old-fashioned one! Then there were the boxes of used instruments handed over to us by doctor's families, the examining table and the new instruments that others gave money for. *And then* box after box of gauze dressings and bandages; how we reveled in them! And how we hope and pray that they will continue to come out to us! Yes, these have been thrilling days. . . .

"We hear that in the last-moment campaign for funds for our new hospital, loyal friends of our cause have raised in America more than the necessary three thousand five hundred dollars to claim the conditional offer for the same amount. We wish to thank all who have helped to raise this money and all who have given. Here the total is nearly Rs. 48,000, or at present exchange $17,000. So an application has already been sent for government grant, and as soon as a definite reply is received we hope that we can proceed to build. . . .

"We still ask the same service of prayer from you, our fellow-workers with Christ in seeking his own, so that we may use the reserves of power that He holds in store for us."

"And now, where will we find words to express our appreciation of Henry Ford's wonderful Lady A., that de luxe Tudor sedan so many of you have made possible for us! It certainly is a most enjoyable associate, so comfortable, so efficient!"

Mrs. William Woodard Found It Hard to Leave Sapporo for Korea

"The fact that the main church in Sapporo had had no pastor other than Bill for the last year we were there, made us much closer to the church people than we otherwise would have been, and made it harder to leave them. But we appreciated the uniquely close feeling of friendship.

"A few people who had been putting off their decision to join the church were baptized the last Sunday we were there. The Woman's Society of the church had a record number out to my farewell meeting, even though it poured rain and the roads were ankle deep in mud. The chairman read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

"Several young people who had grown up under our 'surveillance' were married just before we left, and we had the joy of sitting by their charcoal fires, sipping tea from their handleless cups, seeing their wedding pictures—and breathing a prayer for the happiness of their simple homes.

"Now Korea is home. We are at the edge of the city of Seoul in the midst of a unique section of modern Japanese homes and surrounded by doctors, professors, bankers, government officials, and business men—and their charming wives. They are almost entirely of Christian sympathy if not actual Christian connection. These neighbors have been wonderful to us. They returned our front-door calls with leisurely, friendly ones. They joined efforts in a sumptuous welcome party at the nearby chapel. A large group of Japanese Christians and foreigners met us at the train with bouquets and requests to get to work—which was, of course, the quickest way to make us feel at home. And they've asked me to start a 'home-makers' group, a kindergarten, and a Bible class for ladies. About fifteen business men come here every Monday evening for an English Bible class. Bill leads this. Bill is teaching a Bible class at the Y on Tuesday evenings and a Teachers' Training Class on Thursdays after prayer meeting. He is expected to attend the officers' meeting of the church, and is one of the councilors of the Japanese Y.M.C.A.

"The town is generously sprinkled with charming Japanese women upon whom I must call—and no small number of them are members of the church. So usually I teach Dick in the morning and make calls in the afternoon. I wondered just what this social contact with the official classes had to do with my work until one of the ladies remarked, 'There is so much temptation and dissipation here, it is hard to keep our husbands happy at home.' And I know that anything I can do to help these good women make their homes more attractive and happier will be a real Christian service."

From William Sage Woolworth, Jr., Tarsus, Turkey

"One of our boys who recently wished a short holiday had a telegram sent to me as though from his father, 'Send my son home at once.' I had reason to suspect the origin of the message, so wired back asking the reason. The father, to support the son, replied stating that the boy was to have a suit

made at the tailor's, but that if I wished, I need not send him; and then sent a letter to the son, which read in part: 'My dear son: Evidently you have been lying again. Don't you know you are sure to get caught? What would have happened if I had replied to the school that I knew nothing of the request for you to come home? Goodness knows why, but the Americans don't like lies. I am afraid that God only can ever reform you!'

"Yesterday the sun peeped through clouds in the morning, and towards evening shone in full beauty. Since the clouds are off the mountains as well as off the sky overhead we are hoping that we are in for dry weather. We have had floods and continuous rain during the winter. Many, many fields which should have been planted long since are still under water. And last year our cotton prices (cotton is the "wealth" of our Cilician plain) were low because of the abundance of the crop in America. Hence we are praying that weather may be such as to allow our farmers to plant and harvest their crops, and that there may be good sales.

"How would it be sometime if you put a note in the HERALD about the attractions of the Annual Report of the Board? I usually check on accuracy of Turkey items, and then put it away for reference as it may be needed. This year I thought I would look through it a little more to see what there might be in it. I found that the 'Notice to our Missionaries' was a good introduction to the report, and something like that in the HERALD might attract other *readers.*"

REV. FRANK CARY'S PILGRIM CLUB IN OTARU

"In November, 1920, I started a Bible Class for college boys. The wish for a name and a more definite organization led us to recall the Pilgrims whose 300th anniversary was being observed about the time our class started, so the group has been known for most of its history as the Pilgrim Club. I have some 170 to 180 members on the roll, and the club seems to fill a felt want. I hold it at my home, serve light refreshments and try to make friends of the boys. Some fine Christian men have come out of it (though in all these cases the credit is shared by a number of factors in which the Pilgrim Club may be only the starter), as well as some disappointing failures.

"Each year we have made a big occasion of the farewell for the graduates. I have given a dinner to the boys and we have had a picture taken. Japanese would rather have their pictures taken than to eat! It has been a red letter occasion each year, and it has been rather embarrassing sometimes to receive the speeches of appreciation. I feel that sometimes it is well to let boys express their appreciation, for the reaction on them, even though it is embarrassing to me. Since the club was ten years old last November, we planned to hold a celebration of the happy event at the first convenient date. That chance came in January, and we had a gathering, nearly forty strong. I invited one of our strong laymen down from Sapporo. He gave a rattling good talk to the boys which was none of it theory, but all of it experience. They had been getting plenty of theory throughout the year from me, so the experience end was what they needed. For an effective address commend me to a man of high principles who puts them into practice and then can tell not what a wonderful man he himself is, but what he has seen of men who made good on points involving principles."

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THE BOOKSHELF

China

A Tamarisk Garden Blessed with Rain or The Autobiography of Pastor Ren, translated and edited by Herbert Hudson Taylor and Marshall Broomhall (China Inland Mission, London, Philadelphia, $1.00). This foremost Chinese pastor in all China spent fifty-seven years of his life in tireless labors to win converts and as rapidly as possible to unite them in self-supporting groups and churches, dying in February, 1929, at the age of seventy-seven. Five days before his death he conducted an afternoon meeting, followed after supper by a protracted period of family worship. So eminent was he that the funeral procession was nearly half a mile long, with representatives of four missions participating at the memorial service. While the China Inland's other nearly equally famous Pastor Hsi accomplished a wonderful work in North China, Pastor Ren, with Hangchow in eastern China as a center, dotted much of the province with centers of Gospel light and activity. His autobiography, greatly condensed by the editors, is simply filled with accounts of early persecutions, life-long opposition, ceaseless preaching and earnest praying, and in his later years in introducing the Nevius method of self-support, which Hudson Taylor had urged upon him. Yet he himself had from the outset practiced and advocated self-support.

If the reader desires thrills to maintain his interest he will find them almost literally on every page. If the student of missions wishes to learn the finest Chinese viewpoint as to how to establish the church in mission lands, Pastor Ren is one of his best teachers in all missionary literature. If government officials in the Far East are dubious as to the value of an influential Chinese in coöperating with them most helpfully, here is just the man to best illustrate it in his many cases of aiding British and American consuls to reach an agreement with the Chinese officials. How all these efforts could be combined with a great evangelistic and pastoral work is shown in this remarkable volume. We only wish that the editors had given us a sermon of Pastor Ren.

HARLAN P. BEACH

The Good Earth, by Pearl Buck (the John Day Company, New York, $2.50) is a prose epic, giving such a perfect picture of peasant life that one sees, feels, and even smells China. The diction is stately and almost biblical, as is seen in the following quotation, "And he reaped his wheat, and the rains came, and the young grain was set into the flooded fields, and again it was summer." *The land* runs through the whole book like a refrain. Wang Lung and his wife O Lan worked the fields handed down from time immemorial to the male members of the Wang family. "There was only this perfect sympathy of movement, of turning this earth of theirs over and over to the sun, this earth which formed their home, fed their bodies, and made their gods. Sometime in some age, bodies of men and women had been buried there—and gone back into the earth. They worked on together, moving together—together—producing the fruit of the earth." She has not tried to point out right or wrong, but simply life as it happens in that ancient land. Sometimes one wishes it might have been with a little less realism. Famine, floods, and soldiers in turn prey upon the land of Wang Lung, all depicted in such a way that one actually almost experiences them with him. The life of the scholar is not touched upon, and one has a query as to just how the present student class will take the book. There is no gainsaying, however, that it is wonderfully done, and a distinct contribution to the bibliography on China.

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Young People

The Orient Steps Out, by Mary Jenness, (The Abingdon Press, Price, $1.00). The first reaction of this reader to *The Orient Steps Out* was "what fascinating, thrilling stories!" Literally, this reader was unable to put aside the book until she had finished it. The desire to know "what happened next" was quite as insistent as in reading a mystery tale; but these stories, unlike the mystery tale, are true. They are even *now* living events in this year 1931. Here are the present-day stories and experiences of three outstanding Christian leaders living in India, China, and Japan. Here one reads of Tara N. Tilak, daughter of the famous Christian poet, Narayan Tilak, and her work in the smoke-clouded factory districts of Bombay. Here, too, is the astonishing story of Jimmy Yen, and his 1000-character system with all that it is meaning for the great work-a-day masses of China. Nor is the name and story of Kagawa of Japan neglected. His life and work in the midst of the very poor, his preaching, talking, writing, organizing, all in and for the interests of the farmer, laborer, and slum dweller, are faithfully reported. Great problems and perplexities these three great countries have, as have all the other countries of the world. And these problems and perplexities enter into the lives of the girls and boys who are growing up during these history-making days in India, China, and Japan. Here are John and Sita of India thinking about the latest political development, having to decide whether or not they shall attend a government school, a mission school or new national school; John rebelling at his English name, Sita wanting to dress in Khaddar, and both of them daily facing a multitude of other perplexing questions for which they must find a workable solution, not alone for their own individual lives, but for the future good of their loved country. In China, Chiang Ling and Mei Yu constantly find themselves involved in the struggle between the old and new ways. Accused of having a "foreign religion," of being unpatriotic, they have also the fear that their parents will betroth them without giving them any notice or any power to choose. Just across the way from China, Sentara San and his sister Michiko San live in a very mixed-up world where two sets of ideas go on working at once. Japanese and Western ideas, customs, and studies, find a place in their daily life. They must be proficient in both.

A very readable book this—a thought provoking book, too. Written for young people of intermediate and high school age, it should also find for itself a wide range of readers of adult years who enjoy vivid, present day snapshots of what's happening around the world.

M. C. W.

India

Without the Pale, by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., D.Sc. (Oxford University Press, New York, $1.75), is the life story of an outcaste and is one of the Religious Life in India Series. Mahatma Gandhi has made the significant admission that India owes her awakening to a sense of her guilt for the crime of Untouchability. Mrs. Stevenson, an expert in the field of anthropology, gives us here a study of the rites ensuring protection to the Untouchable throughout his life. She confines her exposition to the Dheds, the highest in rank of the seven classes of outcastes in Gujarat.

A chapter is devoted to the precautions before birth and the minute details of the ceremonies following. Next comes illness and the remedies resorted to; "and perhaps nothing will make us realize the fear that encompasses these people, their dread of evil, malign powers, who may be provoked by any show of love, any prosperity, nay even by having for once enough to eat."

Then the initiation ceremonies, the boy coming to his *guru* or religious guide when about five years old; around that age he will go to school if a school is handy; he will also become betrothed, and on the betrothal day it is decided whether the wedding shall be Limited or Unlimited. "If the wedding is Limited, the girl's father asks the boy's father to give, say, sixty rupees as bride price, and in return he promises out of this to feast him perhaps twice. There is no honor in a Limited wedding where the bounds of expense are fixed, but there is great honor in the Unlimited, or Free wedding."

Mrs. Stevenson ends with two stories which show that "the great appeal that Christ makes to the Dhed, a caste with a spiritual genius, is the way in which He, the Desire of all Nations, exactly fulfills their deepest longings. . . . Whatever qualities these humble oppressed folk have felt that the true *Guru* must possess, they find exactly revealed in Him."

AN APOLOGY

The author of *The Roll Call* in the June issue apologizes to Miss Valley Nelson for making her say that she was a graduate of Washington University, and to Mrs. Veazie Markham for making her lay claim to graduation from a college in the State of Washington. Pure ignorance on the author's part of the distinction between Washington University and the University of Washington, and quite inexcusable, though Missourians and Washingtonians *may* regard the mistake leniently as one to be expected of a Bostonian. Miss Nelson is an R.N. of the University of Washington, Mrs. Markham of Washington University in St. Louis.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

"I Want You to Know How Fine Mrs. Diong Is"

Writes Mrs. George Newell, who has had an accident, "meeting up with an auto," but made a fine recovery. While she was laid up Mrs. Diong took the knitting class of eighteen girls whom Mrs. Newell was teaching reading, songs, and Scripture, besides knitting, at the Community House. "She has a very lively and lovely little boy just over a year old and a dear little girl of seven. They live in an apartment at the school and there is a continual call to entertain in that position. Yet she finds time for village work. One day when I told her I feared she was doing too much she said, 'I find I have just as much time when I do it as when I don't.' She is never too busy to call or receive calls and the village people love her. One busy Saturday she made the trip to the Union Hospital, a good six miles, to see a village woman who had gone there for an operation."

The Love of Christ Can Transform

"It has been my privilege since school closed to visit several mission stations in East Griqualand and the southern part of Natal, where there are crowds of heathen whose hearts have not been touched by the Gospel." Thus writes Miss Caroline Frost of Amanzimtoti Institute. "No one seeing these dirty, desperate, wicked-looking people could say that the natives are best off in their natural state. They look hopeless in their filth, and their customs are unspeakable.

"Yet from even among such as these are little bands of clean, smiling children in Sunday and day schools; in the neat churches gather congregations of decent men and women whose faces show the transforming love of Christ. From such an environment of much bad and little pure goodness come many of our boys and girls. I am convinced that nothing but the love of Christ can transform the African."

"We're Too Popular"

"Our embarrassment at the present time comes from the fact that we are too popular," writes Rev. George Newell of the Union High School, Foochow. "With the boys coming to us from so many country districts we have a wonderful opportunity, but we have to keep our fees down. We pay out in student labor and scholarships almost all we take in for fees. Every boy has to work, real 'dirt' work, at least six hours a week. Some work twenty!

"Our aim is to train rural workers, so far, day school teachers. Ten of our eighteen graduates who took their diplomas last Thursday [February 5] already have positions waiting for them in their country districts. Our Normal Department is still the most important one we have. But it is still far from ideal. More agriculture is the next step."

A Unique Group of Sister Christians

Three hundred women of diverse races and nations and tongues and religious denominations, most of whom had been well-to-do Greek or Armenian citizens of Asia Minor till war and its aftermath drove them across the seas as homeless refugees nine years ago, gathered for the World Day of Prayer in Athens, Greece.

"Over fifty women participated individually," writes Miss Nina Rice, "while everyone participated in the hymn-singing, hymns having been chosen which had Greek, Armenian, Turkish, and English versions. There was something wonderful about the confused sound of four languages sung to the same tune. It made one feel that the form of expression matters nothings at all, but the inner meaning everything; everyone was singing the same *thought* and worshipping the same God.

"In the prayers a plaintive note crept in, and one marvelled that these women had kept the 'faith of their fathers' through the horrors of their recent experiences. Most of the assemblage came from poor little homes where even the necessities of life are uncertain, yet of their poverty they gave generously, and almost $30 was collected as a gift to the American Women's Hospital in Kokkinia, one of the refugee camps, which has been an unspeakable boon to the whole refugee community.

"Could any group of women anywhere have more fittingly taken as their subject the text, 'Ye shall be my witnesses?' Through fire and peril, through bereavement and brutality, they have proved faithful witnesses to the Christian's God."

Gates Memorial Hall

Was formally opened in March in Sholapur. Dr. B. P. Hivale, who had been a Sholapur boy, made the address. Beneath the above title on the front of the building was the title "Khrista-Seva-Mandir," meaning "Hall of Christian Service." It is a memorial of the service of the Gates family in Sholapur. It is to be a center for the activities of the church and for social-evangelistic work for non-Christians. It is solidly built of stone and brick, has a central hall 48 by 30 feet, with six side rooms 12 feet square, and two wings which enlarge the hall.

A Good Will Tour to Japan

this summer, for the purpose of making friendly contacts, investigating Japanese social and economic conditions, and studying Dr. Kagawa's Settlements and rural work, was endorsed by the Shantung Christian Leaders' Conference which gave an offering to it. "Each student joining the tour must pay $50 towards his own expenses," says the *Cheeloo Bulletin* of Shantung Christian University. "We hope to raise $1000 in China from friends of international peace and good will. Of this we have $400 subscribed already. Help is also expected from the American Association for Christian Coöperation of which Dr. Rufus Jones is chairman. The Hopei Christian Students Union will try to raise some funds and has asked to be allowed to elect several students to join the group."

A Christian Rural Workers' Conference

"The Christian Rural Workers' Conference at Yenching University brought together fifty delegates from North China, with a dozen guests and leaders," so writes Rowland M. Cross. "Of the total number, fourteen were from the Kung Li Hui.

"It was a notable gathering in the following respects: (1) a fine spirit of coöperation among the five denominational groups represented made possible a valuable exchange of experience; (2) The discussion groups under the able leadership of Lo I T'ang and H. W. Hubbard carried the thought of the conference through to the adoption of concrete projects; (3) Dr. Butterfield in lectures and conferences presented the plan of the reconstruction unit in a clear and impressive way; (4) The devotional periods each night, under the leadership of H. S. Martin, Miss Wood, and Andrew Ch'eng, and the mornings with the prophets, with Dr. Li Jung Fang as leader, kept the spiritual tone of the conference at a high level.

"The main features of the reconstruction unit are: (1) the rural church parish, (2) a band of specialists, (3) training centers where directors of the church parish would be trained.

"Work in a local area would begin with a simple survey aimed at revealing the outstanding needs of the community. A program would then be developed to meet those needs and would probably include mass education, public health service, play and recreation, economic uplift through agricultural experiments, religious education, and worship. The church would be the power center, with the aim to reconstruct the whole community on a Christian basis. The evangelist would be the key man trained for special service but alive to all the needs of his parish and able to call in experts as needed.

"Existing educational institutions are being asked to plan and develop their courses of study to provide training for all classes of workers. The Jefferson Academy Rural Service Department is an important part of the plan. Its three-year higher middle course with training along theological, educational, and agricultural lines would aim to produce leaders for these church parishes. Its winter course for farmers, and the fairs were endorsed by the conference, and Jefferson Academy was asked to enlarge their scope. The Women's Bible Training School in Peiping was asked to emphasize the preparation of specialized women workers. Cheeloo Theological School and Yenching with its Ch'ing He experiment and short course for preachers would furnish the higher training.

"The students' relation to the reconstruction unit is a unique feature of the plan. On Sunday, Dr. Butterfield addressed a large student congregation at the Methodist mission, and in the afternoon met with student leaders to talk over their part in rural evangelization. One of the most enthusiastic members of the conference was a young pastor who is doing a remarkable work in the country field, who was inclined toward communism in his school days, being watched with great concern by his friends, and who finally decided to throw his life into the Christian cause. The reconstruction unit, with its scientific method, its appeal to the desire to serve the unprivileged, and its difficulties, can, I believe, successfully win the allegiance of enthusiastic young people."

Union Seminary Friendship Fund

The students and faculty of Union Theological Seminary in New York have established the *Friendship Fund,* to enable Christians of various lands to come to the Seminary for a year's special theological study. The area chosen for 1932–33 is the Near East, and the fund available amounts to $150,000. Candidates must be graduates of a college or university whose degree is recognized as equivalent to Columbia's B.A., and who have had practical experience for a number of years in some form of Christian service. Applications for this appointment should be made by January 1, 1932, and should be addressed: Friendship Fund, c/o Professor D. J. Fleming, Union Theological Seminary, 3041 Broadway, New York City. Further particulars may be learned through Professor G. H. Huntington, Robert College, Constantinople.

A Christ-centered College Course

Rev. James McKinley of Dumaguete has sent the program of such a course to be added to the curriculum of Silliman Bible School. At the beginning this school received those who had completed only one year of high school. Mr. Channon, dean of the school, gradually raised entrance re-

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quirements, until now it has been decided that graduation from high school should be required for entrance to this new course. The students are given the privilege of two years in college, gaining at the end a degree from Silliman College. This gives those of the American Board's students who are receptive more training in a field where project work can be done in their own dialect.

The old diploma course, without any work in Silliman College, is being retained for men who, though not of the capacity to do the college work involved, can render useful service in less responsible positions.

What Rahuri Would Like for Next Christmas

"Marbles," says Miss Loleta Wood; "glassies and mossies. We can get the commies here and save freight. Combs—so that the girls will not have to use pieces of wood with slits cut in them. Dolls, whistles, harmonicas, one and a half to two-yard pieces of fast-color cotton cloth, dresses up to five-year-olds. Things from the ten-cent store to warm the teachers' hearts: boxes of colored writing paper (discard the box to save space), money purses (not billfolds), cuff-link sets, men's handkerchiefs with colored borders or stripes. We still have on hand from last year's boxes, for future use, some jackknives, and plenty of workbags with thimbles, thread and needles. The bandanna handkerchiefs sent went to the masters, who are very proud of them. The masters' wives each received two yards of nice cloth for a blouse—a most welcome gift."

PERSONALIA

Rev. George Allchin, who retired from active service in Japan in 1920, is sailing from Seattle on July 8 to spend some months in Japan with his daughter, Florence Allchin Iglehart, and his grandchildren. This trip has been arranged by his children.

Mrs. Burnell Olds of Okayama, Japan, has issued a booklet entitled *Sex Education in Japan*. It is in Japanese and is published by the National Mothers Association of Japan.

Rev. George A. Wilder, D.D., retired, now living at 28 Edgewood Road, Glen Ridge, New Jersey, has just received a letter from the Secretary of the Gazaland (South Melsetter) Farmers' Association, informing him of his unanimous election as a life member of that association in grateful recognition of the valuable services Dr. Wilder rendered in the past and in appreciation of his constant loyalty and sympathy with the aims of the Association.

It is not often that white colonists show so much appreciation of the missionary as is intimated in this letter to Dr. Wilder. Special congratulations are therefore in order.

Gladys Clark Wilder

(Continued from page 312)

University of North Carolina, and he was teaching in the Ahmednagar Boys' High School. Superintendents of nurses for Indian hospitals do not "appear on call" at a moment's notice, so after her marriage Gladys continued to serve through this last winter, even when it became necessary to make that service a "part time" affair. We who knew her best and loved her were inexpressibly shocked when the cable came on April 26, 1931 announcing that "her heart had given out" and that she had gone from us to carry her love of life and life's personalities on to wider service.

In one of her last letters to the friends in America with whom she kept her touch so warm, she wrote: "You have put shirts on our babies, sheets on our beds, bandages on our wounds, and I want to thank you for them. With my gratitude goes my sincere hope that through these gifts you have come to know more about India and have felt closer to your sisters who live out here. It is a bit of a hobby with me to try not only to help these here but also you in America to know that there is one Father and that all men are brothers. I only wish I could do more." More?

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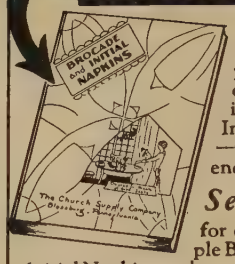

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"Greater love hath no man than this." Who shall say that her life was not laid down for her friends? Her family, for whom her going to India was such a sacrifice, and this new and farther separation such a sorrow, expressed beautifully our common feeling when they wrote to a friend: "We must be grateful that we had her these years to share."

MRS. PETER S. GOERTZ

Mrs. Peter S. Goertz, whose maiden name was Mathilde Harms, was born at Hillsboro, Kansas, October 3, 1889. She was the sixth daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John Harms. When she was three years old she was taken with her parents to reside at Mountain Lake, Minnesota. At the age of five the family returned once more to Hillsboro. Her school days were spent in the country school, the Hillsboro High School, the Hillsboro Academy, McPherson College, and Tabor College.

She was baptized by her own father in the spring of 1903 and was received into the membership of the Mennonite Brethren Church at Hillsboro. This membership was always greatly cherished by her, and although in later years she and her husband were called away into various places and foreign lands, she nevertheless retained her membership in this church to the day of her death.

On July 7, 1910, she was joined in marriage with Peter S. Goertz at Hillsboro, Kansas. This union was the beginning of a sacred bond of fellowship and love that grew richer and dearer as the years went by. She entered wholeheartedly and sympathetically into her husband's career as teacher and minister and proved to be a helpful counselor and guide to him.

They lived first at Partridge, Kansas, and then later at Hillsboro, where her husband was superintendent of schools.

The spring of 1913 marks a new milestone in their married life. Together with her husband she consecrated her life to missionary service. After her husband had completed five more years of college and university training, she embarked with him and their daughter Edith for China, the great mission field. They arrived at Foochow, China, November 7, 1918. But the strain of the climate and

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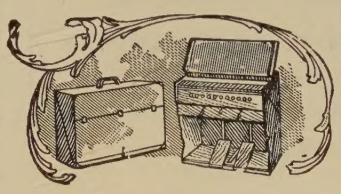
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burden of the work exhausted her strength so completely that they were obliged to leave China in 1926.

Upon arriving in America they located in Hillsboro. Having settled in Hillsboro, where her husband was teaching in Tabor College, she abandoned herself in love and energy to the making of a home for her family. This remained their home until six weeks ago when her mother died. Her husband having accepted the position at Bethel College, she was left alone for a considerable part of the time during the past winter with the younger two children, except as her husband's visits home several times a week were possible.

Mrs. Goertz was frail of body but mighty in spirit, love, and prayer. While in New England, in China, and again in America, she never enjoyed robust physical health. Her strength was in the realm of the spirit. She spent hours with the Bible and in prayer. The extent and beauty of her private prayer life cannot be described. Family prayers and family worship were an integral part of her life. The younger children never left for school in the morning without first praying with their mother. And what a prayer support she was to her husband. Before he left the home for his daily routine she usually paused for a moment of prayer with him at the threshold before they parted. Hers was a fervent and beautiful ministry of intercession that included the interests of the kingdom enterprise the world around. Only eternity will reveal what fruits her prayers have brought. She was a true child of God, and a true builder of His spiritual kingdom.

She was taken ill of influenza on Monday, April 20. She departed very peacefully at six o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 28, aged 41 years, 6 months and 25 days.

There remain to mourn her loss: her husband, her daughters Edith and Ruth, her one son Paul, one brother and his wife, five sisters and their husbands, her husband's parents, and their children, together with a large host of relatives and friends scattered far and wide.

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THE CHRONICLE

Appointments

April 28. Miss Theresa Mae Ruder of Kulm, North Dakota, for a five-year term in the West Central Africa Mission as a teacher in the School for Missionary Children.

May 12. Miss Eleanor Earle Oliphint of Huntsville, Texas, for a three-year term as teacher in the Girls' School, Aleppo, Near East Mission.

May 12. Mr. Jesse McLane Trotter of Boston, Massachusetts, for a two-year term in the Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan.

Furloughs Authorized

April 28. Rev. and Mrs. Emmons E. White of the Madura Mission, beginning in the spring of 1932.

April 28. Rev. and Mrs. Edward L. Nolting of the Madura Mission, beginning in the spring of 1932.

Sailings for the Field

May 29. From New York, Dr. and Mrs. Philippe de Vargas, returning to the North China Mission.

June 20. From New York, Rev. and Mrs. R. Eugene Dole, joining the West Central Africa Mission.

June 20. From Vancouver, Miss G. Evelyn Fox, returning to the Philippine Mission.

June 27. From New York, Miss Carol Abbott, to teach in the Kodaikanal School for Missionaries' Children.

June 28. From Boston, Miss Gertrude E. Chandler, returning to the Madura Mission.

July 8. From Seattle, Rev. George Allchin, returning to Japan.

Arrivals on the Field

April 18. At Kobe, Japan, Mrs. Hilton Pedley and Miss Eleanor Wilson, returning to the Japan Mission.

Arrivals from the Field

April 30. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. John Bicknell of Jaffna College, Ceylon.

May 5. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Azel A. Martin of Battalagundu, South India.

Births

May 10. At Newton, Massachusetts, a son, Robert Theodore, to Dr. and Mrs. Mark H. Ward. Dr. Ward is Medical Secretary of the American Board.

May 19. At Woodstock, Virginia, a son to Rev. and Mrs. Wayne H. Bowers of Spain.

Marriage

May 7. At Naples, Italy, Miss Joan Van der Spek of the Madura Mission, India, and Rev. Edwin F. Irwin.

Deaths

April 1. At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Stephen Panaretoff (Miss Lydia A. Gile), a missionary in Turkey from 1890 to 1892.

June 3. At New Haven, Connecticut, Dr. Ruth P. Hume, a missionary in Ahmednagar, India from 1903 to 1930.

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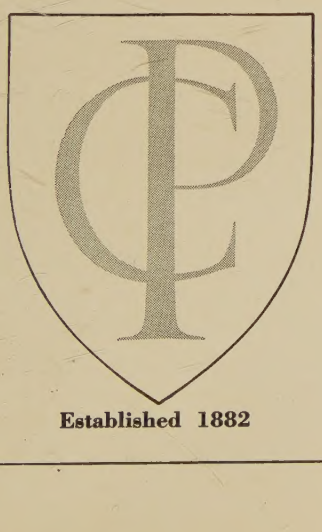

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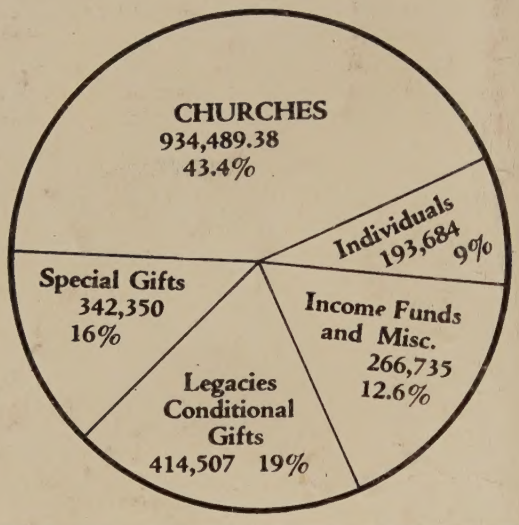
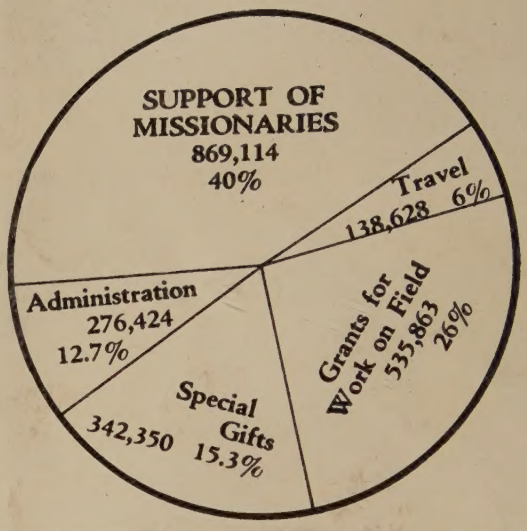


WHERE IT GOES



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